Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. Meikle, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays. 12, '10

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall V. Hall. 2, '12

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—Sidney D. Harvey, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, '10

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P. Sir Knight Captain F. A. O. Stuart. J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays. 2, '11

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 239, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

I. J. JOSEPHSON LODGE; President, Joe. Dannis; Treasurer, Daniel Rosen; meets 1st and 3d Sundays.

Local Matters.

Perry Day in Newport.

The joint committee on the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Perry's Victory on Lake Erie has about completed its plans for the observance of the day in Newport. A very creditable showing is promised, although it was at first feared that owing to a combination of circumstances the celebration could not be given the prominence that it deserves. Secretary Daniels was very sorry that he was unable to send any ships to Newport at that time but the exigencies of the service demanded their presence elsewhere.

The observance of the day will take place in the afternoon. The line for the street parade will form at one o'clock on Broadway and it is expected that the following organizations will be in line: Four companies of the Coast Artillery from Fort Adams and Fort Greble with the Seventh Artillery Band; ten companies of the Apprentice Seamen from the Training Station with the Training Station Band and bugle squad; the Hibernian Rifles; Newport Council, Knights of Columbus; and possibly the Boy Scouts. One of the local bands will also probably be in line. The members of the Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R., and a detail from the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, will ride in carriages. The guests of the day, including the orator and chaplain, will also be in carriages.

The route of march will probably be out Broadway to Powel avenue to Kay street, to Bellevue avenue, to Perry street, to Dearborn street, to Thames street, to Washington square. When the line reaches the Perry monument there will be a halt for the exercises there.

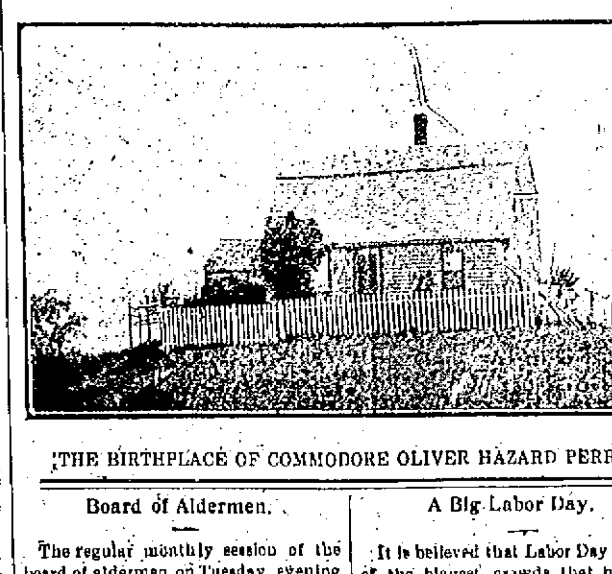
Mayor MacLeod will preside and will present the orator of the day, Colonel Asa Bird Gardiner of New York. At the conclusion of the oration the line will again move to the Perry lot in the Island cemetery, where the eulogy will be delivered by the Chaplain of the day, Right Reverend James H. Darlington, D. D., Bishop of Harrisburg, Pa. The line will then move back to the City Hall and the parade will be dismissed.

In the evening there will be a band concert on Washington square, and the mall will be illuminated by many small electric lights. Chairman Shepley of the Park Commission has arranged for the placing of a model of the old Constellation on the square and this will be decorated and illuminated.

Many of the public buildings will be decorated for the occasion. The City Hall and Court House will be decorated, as well as the Army & Navy Y. M. C. A. The Lawrence Club, which occupies the former home of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, will also be attractively decorated.

It is the intention of the committee to have the day generally observed as a holiday by the closing of stores and places of business. It is probable that the schools will be closed, during the afternoon hours at least, and possibly for the entire day. By special act of the Legislature last winter, the day is made a legal holiday this year and of course will be observed by the banks and all public offices.

Mr. Benjamin F. Downing 3rd is in New York on a business trip.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF COMMODORE OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular monthly session of the board of aldermen on Tuesday evening was rather interesting, being marked by a controversy over the purchase of a new motor chemical engine which culminated in the breaking of quorum, and so no action was taken.

In the absence of Mayor MacLeod, President Leddy of the board of aldermen presided. Bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Board of Health	$1,171.72
City Asylum	524.56
Fire department	1,978.24
Streets and highways	3,744.28
Police	376.73
Poor, outdoor relief	249.12
Public parks	1,378.29
Various city offices	208.87
City Hall	247.68
Street lights	8,200.48
Water supply	2,5.0.00
Courts	182.15
Hospitals	743.83
Playgrounds	1.16
Beach improvement	2,181.00
Public utilities committee	20.50
Touro Street fund	12.46
Touro Synagogue fund.	65.82
Dog fund	81.40
	$19,252.05

On recommendation of the overseers of the city asylum the contract for furnishing coal for the asylum for the next year was awarded to the Heirs of George Bowen, who were the lowest bidders, the price being: egg $7.65, stove $7.75, and chestnut $8.00. Alderman Hughes was given authority to replace broken glass in the boathouse of Mr. Norman on Long wharf while the landing had been used by the sailors.

The matter of placing a contract for a new motor chemical engine was called up, and then the trouble began. The statement was made that in the absence of Mayor MacLeod, the matter ought to go over to give him a chance to vote, but some of the members thought from his statement last week that he was willing to have the contract placed in his absence. Finally Alderman Albro and Kirby left the room in order to break a quorum and prevent a vote. The remaining three members appealed to the city solicitor to know if a quorum remained, and he ruled that there was not a majority of the board present. The session then came to an end.

The missing members were invited back into the room and the board then went into session as a board of canvassers. When the amendment to the constitution providing for biennial elections was passed, the provision of the law providing for the canvass and posting of the voting lists annually was not changed, so this has to be done just the same even though there is no State election. In the case of the city of Newport it makes but little difference because this work would have to be done anyway for the city election in December.

City Clerk Fullerton had a list of many changes to be made and he was authorized to make them and have the lists printed and posted according to law. Dates for subsequent canvass meetings were adopted as follows: October 30, November 20, November 26. Places for holding the various ward meetings were also adopted tentatively.

At the weekly session of the board on Thursday evening, it was again found to be impossible to take a ballot on the fire engine question. At the close of the meeting, the matter was called up, and Aldermen Albro and Kirby again walked out, breaking a quorum. Previous to this action, routine business was transacted, weekly bills and pay rolls being approved.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Leroy and her daughter, Mrs. Amos Tuck French, of this city, had a narrow escape from serious injury near Boston on Sunday afternoon when their automobile struck a telegraph pole and they were thrown violently from the machine. In view of the rather advanced age of Mrs. Leroy there was much apprehension on her behalf. The victims of the accident were hurried to a hotel in Boston and relatives in Newport and elsewhere were summoned, but it was found that their injuries were much less serious than were feared and the are now practically recovered. The accident was caused by the breakage of a spring which caused the chauffeur to lose control of the car.

A Big Labor Day.

It is believed that Labor Day saw one of the biggest crowds that has ever been in Newport, and that is saying a good deal. All day long the roads leading to the Beach were crowded with vehicles and pedestrians and when the time came to go home the sight was something amazing. Of course the local street railway was totally unable to handle the traffic, and the steamboat line also proved inadequate to the demands upon it, so that the congestion at home-going time was something terrific.

The crowd began pouring into the city in the early forenoon, the early suburban cars being filled to their full capacity even though many extra cars were run. The automobiles from nearby cities also made their appearance very early in the forenoon and when it is remembered that many people had stayed in Newport over Sunday it will be realized that there was quite a crowd here at an unusually early hour.

The Beach of course was the mecca for everybody, especially the children. Every department had a good deal more business than could be attended to without delay, but the crowd was patient and everybody was finally served if they waited. The bathing was good, the air being rather muggy, and considerable surf running, which kept most of the bathers pretty close in shore.

Special preparations had been made to entertain the children on that day, and the youngsters appreciated it thoroughly. A thousand numbered blocks had been buried in a prescribed portion of the sand and at the appointed hour there was a multitude of children turned loose to hunt for them. When found, they were cashed in for the prizes that the numbers called for and these were the cause of many surprises. It was fun for the grown-ups as well as for the children.

Later on, there were many contests for substantial prizes, in which much interest was taken. In the evening, there was a good display of fireworks, but the weather was not particularly well adapted to them, the air being very heavy and damp. There were no set pieces, the sky rockets and bombs predominating as they are more easily seen by a large crowd.

The excursion steamers landed big crowds here in the morning and when the time came to go home there was trouble. The Mount Hope left her Newport passengers in the morning and then went on her trip to Block Island. There she picked up a great many more than she left, and when she reached Newport again she was unable to take on all that she had brought down by some 300. That those who could not get aboard were some provoked goes without saying, but they could not do any thing. Some went back by trolley and some stayed overnight.

There was some congestion at the City Hall when the Fall River cars were discharging and taking on passengers. As they left their passengers in the morning the local road ran its cars in there already full to the limit, and the Fall Riverites were obliged to stand or to walk to the Beach. But the real trouble came in the afternoon. As the big Fall River cars came into Newport practically empty the would-be passengers tried to swarm aboard long before they came to a stop. Men, women and children joined in the mad rush, Broadway being a swarm of struggling humanity. Women with babies in each arm fought with the men for a chance to get aboard. And then when the cars reached Island Park there were still more people to crowd aboard.

It was a mighty big day but it was hard work for those mothers who brought their babies along.

A woman who fell overboard from King Park late last week was pulled out by Capt. Nicholas Card after she had been in the water for some time. She had a narrow escape.

Ex-Mayor Frederick P. Garrettson has returned from a flying trip to New York.

The Artillery Trip.

The Newport Artillery will start next Monday morning for Lake Erie where they will take part in the big national celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Perry's Victory on Lake Erie. They will go as part of the Rhode Island State delegation, and will undoubtedly prove the most interesting feature of the whole party to the people of the middle West.

The Artillery has their new uniform ready for the occasion, there being an exact duplicate of the first uniform worn by the company, and which has not yet been worn by the company on parade. On the journey the old uniform will be worn, the new one being taken along for special occasions.

The Company will leave Newport at 7.15 next Monday morning, proceeding to Providence by special train where they will join the rest of the State party and proceed directly to Buffalo where they will board the steamer on which they will make their headquarters while on the Lake. They will participate in the exercises at Put-in-Bay and at Cedar Point, and will be special guests at a big celebration in Detroit as well as stopping at Sandusky to see a part of the celebration there. On the return it is possible that a special side trip will be taken to Niagara Falls.

The company will probably reach Newport the following Sunday.

Newport Improvement Association

The annual meeting of the Newport Improvement Association was held on Monday, when officers were elected for the ensuing year and considerable business was transacted. Dr. Richard V. Mattison read a report on the progress of the work of removing poles in the city, and a resolution was adopted requesting the next General Assembly to enable the city of Newport to establish a building line, and pending such legislation suggesting the temporary retaining of existing lines by mutual agreement. Mr. G. M. Hutton called up the matter of disposal of swill, saying that the scow is dumped inside the lightship and that the material is brought back onto the local shores. A committee was created to look into the matter.

The following officers were unanimously elected, one ballot being cast by the secretary:

President—John Thompson Spencer.
Vice Presidents—William P. Buffum, Henry Barton Jacobs, Henry A. C. Taylor, George L. Rives.
Secretary—Max Levy.
Treasurer—Peter King.
Chairman Executive Committee—F. P. Garrettson.
Executive Committee — Mrs. Ellen French Vanderbilt, Mrs. R. Manson Smith, Miss Ellen F. Mason, Rev. Roderick Terry, D. D., T. T. Pitman, Colonel J. H. Willard, General William Ennis, Jeremiah K. Sullivan, Guan M. Hutton.

Sons of the Revolution.

At the annual meeting and dinner of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, held at the rooms of the Miantonomi Club last week, the following officers were elected:

President—Colonel Edward A. Sherman.
First Vice President—John P. Sanborn.
Second Vice President—Colonel C. L. F. Robinson.
Secretary—James Powell Cozzens.
Treasurer—Alvah H. Sanborn.
Registrar—Dr. Edwin P. Robinson.
Historian — Rev. William Safford Jones.
Chaplain—Rev. Stanley C. Hughes.
Board of Managers—F. P. Garrettson, Clark Burdick, L. K. Carr, William R. Harvey, H. O. Havemeyer, Frank P. King, Howard G. Ward, P. P. Stewart Hale, Samuel M. Smith.
Delegates to General Society—Thomas P. Peckham, Frederick P. Garrettson, James P. Cozzens.
Alternates—Edward A. Sherman, Joseph B. Murdock, William S. Jones.

The Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, a near relative of the Czar of Russia, has been the "lion" in social circles in Newport during the past week. He arrived from Wickford on Friday, August 29, and was the guest of Mrs. John Astor at "Beechwood," until Mrs. Astor was called to Philadelphia by the death of her brother, Mr. Willing. The Grand Duke has been lavishly entertained during his stay in Newport.

Under the direction of Dr. William T. Bull, one of the most famous backs the Yale football team ever had, the candidates for the positions back of the line on the Yale team this fall are having preliminary practice on the grounds of the Westchester polo field in this city. Practice was begun on Thursday and will continue for a week when the men will return to New Haven for the full team practice.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Wheeler have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Agnes Knowe Wheeler, and Mr. Frederick Francis Sully of Waterville, Maine.

Recent Deaths.

Mr. John R. B. Willing.

Mr. John Rhea Barton Willing, a life long summer resident of Newport and a brother of Mrs. John Astor, died very suddenly in Philadelphia on Tuesday. Mr. Vincent Astor, his nephew, had been summoned to Philadelphia on account of his illness, and as soon as the end came Mrs. John Astor was called from her duties as hostess to the Grand Duke of Russia.

Mr. Willing's final illness was of short duration. Some two days before his death he complained of a sore throat and examination at the Jefferson Hospital revealed a severe case of diphtheria. In spite of all that medical aid could do for him he failed rapidly and the end came on Tuesday.

Mr. Willing was a son of the late Edward S. Willing who owned the estate on Webster and Spring streets. Here the family spent the summers for many years and after the parents' deaths a few years ago, Mr. John Rhea Barton Willing had maintained the estate. He had not been in Newport this season but he took a deep interest in affairs here and had given two cups for competition on the Casino tennis courts. He was a descendant of one of the oldest and most distinguished families of Philadelphia and was a member of many of the exclusive clubs of New York, Philadelphia and Newport. He is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Frank C. Lawrence, the latter making her home abroad. He was fifty-five years of age.

An adjourned meeting of the stockholders of the Newport Casino was held on Monday morning for the purpose of taking action on the report of the committee to consider the purchase of a whole or part of the old Ocean House site. The committee had recommended that the Casino purchase the rear portion of this site and this recommendation was adopted. The portion purchased will include about 107,000 square feet, and will give much needed room for tennis and horse show accommodations. The price is slightly in excess of $25,000. This will leave the recent purchasers in possession of the front portion of the tract, and just what will be done with it remains to be seen. Some say a hotel will be built there, others that it will be made into a park, and some think that a business block will be erected.

At a special meeting of the school committee on Tuesday evening, Miss Alice F. Higbee was elected a teacher in the Rogers High School to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Grace D. Gallup, teacher of English and history. Miss Leonora M. McCarthy was also elected a teacher in the High school, the large number of new pupils making another teacher necessary. Miss Higbee and Miss McCarthy are both graduates of the Rogers High School and of Smith College.

The season at the smaller resorts in this vicinity came to an abrupt close with the arrival of Labor Day. Block Island and Jamestown saw a rapid diminution of their guests, the outgoing boats being crowded to capacity. Both resorts have had an excellent season and the hotel men have made money.

The Horse Show at the grounds of the Newport Casino was a feature of the closing of the summer season there, opening on Labor Day as usual. The classes were closely contested and in many cases the judges experienced great difficulty in presenting the ribbons. The attendance was excellent.

Stanley L. Teehan, 17 years old, formerly of this city, is held in Providence to await the action of the grand jury on a charge of assault with a club on Miss Rachel G. Linton, who had taken him from an institution and given him a home. Robbery was supposed to be the motive for the attack.

Redwood Lodge, No. 11, Knights of Pythias, observed its forty-second anniversary in the lodge room on Friday evening. An interesting programme was arranged. Hon. Robert S. Franklin is the only charter member now living.

The Newport Hospital has been filled to its utmost capacity this week, every bed being occupied and some rooms being given over to patients which are not customarily used in that way. There have been many operative cases.

Mr. Edward Wyman Higbee, Jr., has returned to New York after spending Labor Day with his parents in this city.

The public schools will be closed for the entire day next Wednesday, Perry Day, which is a legal holiday this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher T. Bowler have returned from Block Island.

The long drouth seems to be broken. Perhaps we shall have a wet fall.

Mayor MacLeod is in New York on his annual vacation.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Rev. Latta Griswold, and Rev. Hugh Birckhead of Baltimore, who have been spending their summer vacation in England and Scotland, returned Saturday. On Sunday morning Rev. Mr. Griswold resumed his duties as rector at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. Miss Carrie Follette Spear, former soloist at Christ Church Quincy Mass., sang during the offertory.

Among the teachers who have returned to their duties the past week are Miss T. Grace Anthony, grammar grade, Providence, Miss Jessie S. Farnum, High School, Egg Harbor, New Jersey, and Miss Edith M. Peckham, assistant supt. Morristown, New Jersey, Miss Elizabeth P. Anthony, grammar grade, Mont Clair, New Jersey, and Miss A. L. Winnifred Peckham primary, at Newton, Mass., will return the latter part of this week.

An exhibition of the painting of the Misses Helena and Louisa C. Sturtevant, opened on Thursday at the Art Association Rooms in Newport, and will continue to the 14th. There are 28 studies by Miss Helena including the Pantheon from Luxembourg Gardens and The Forum, Rome, which were done while the sisters were abroad a year ago. 9 of the paintings are by Miss Louisa Sturtevant who was for many years a designer at Tiffany's, New York. The subjects are nearly all taken from scenes in Middletown and Newport. The Misses Sturtevant are daughters of Mrs. Eugene Sturtevant and grand daughters of the late Bishop Clarke.

The pear trees are bearing abundantly this season, many reporting that the weight of the fruit has broken good sized limbs.

The Wyatt grist mill on Wyatt road, which has been in the family for nearly a century has recently passed into the hands of Mr. Arthur Coleman Brigham, son of Mr. Arthur Brigham, who is soon to resume business. The mill has remained idle since the death of the miller, Robert G. Wyatt, early in January.

The first meeting of the Newport County Women's Suffrage League, in Middletown, was held on Tuesday evening at the Town Hall.

The schools of the town re-open Monday, the 8th.

An important meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union will be held Monday afternoon with Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham to appoint delegates to the annual convention, Sept. 21, 25, at Central Falls.

The September meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of Holy Cross and St. Mary's Parishes will be held Wednesday with Mrs. Charles M. Bull. Mrs. George W. Thurston and Mrs. Harold R. Chase will present prepared papers.

The ladies of Holy Cross Guild gave a Peach Supper at the Guild House Wednesday evening.

Miss Elizabeth A. Peckham entertained her former school children of the Peabody annex Wednesday afternoon, also a number of the parents, exhibiting views, souvenirs, and pictures taken during her summer trip abroad. She also gave an entertaining two-hour talk upon the people and the places where she had visited.

Dr. Joseph E. Farnum of Providence, and his brother, Dr. Edward C. Farnum of Middletown, observed on Sept. 6th the sixth anniversary of their marriage which occurred as a double wedding at the Methodist Episcopal Church at the Four Corners.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Mrs. Catherine Corey, widow of Levi Cory, died suddenly at her home Friday afternoon of acute indigestion. Mrs. Cory had not been in good health for sometime, and for two or three days had been feeling quite ill. On Friday she was not able to get up and her death came suddenly in the afternoon. She was Catherine O'Donnell, and she was born in Ireland about seventy years ago. She leaves no children, but several nieces, one, Mrs. Michael J. Murphy of this town. The funeral was held at St. Anthony's Church, Monday morning. The burial was in the Murphy lot in St. Columba's Cemetery.

Mrs. Horace Gilmore and family who have been spending the summer at Bristol Ferry have returned to their home, Winter Hill, Boston, Mass.

Miss Marjorie Hicks has as guest, Miss Dorothy Smith of Hope, R. I.

Miss Carrie Brazil who has just returned from a trip to Canada has been engaged as organist and musical director at the Church of the Holy Ghost, Fall River.

Dr. Francis P. Conway who has been spending the past two months in Europe has returned to his home. Dr. Conway was in company with Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hunter and Miss Edith Hunter.

Mr. Sylvanus P. Fish and his sister Mrs. Samuel Dyer are both ill.

Miss Cora Mitchell is entertaining Miss Yates of Providence.

Miss Mary Sheehan and Master Francis Sheehan are visiting relatives in Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Sheehan are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Hoyle of Washington.

The Town Council met Tuesday evening at the Town Hall to canvass the voting list.

David Brawley of Providence has been the guest of his parents Mr. and Mrs. George G. Brawley of Middle Road.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Brown have returned to their home in Providence after spending several days with the latter's brother Mr. W. W. Anthony and family.

Mr. William G. Lamb and Miss Mary Lamb of New Bedford are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Anthony.

REX BEACH ADVENTURE STORIES

Where Northern Lights Come Down o' Nights

By REX BEACH

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THE mission house at Togiak stands forlornly on a wind swept Alaskan spit, while huddled around it a swarm of dirt covered igloos grovel in an ecstasy of abasement.

Many natives crawled out of these and stared across the bay as down a gully came an arctic caravan, men and dogs, black against the deadly whiteness. Ahead swung the guide, straddling awkwardly on his five foot webs, while the straining pack pattered at his heels. Big George, the driver, urged them with strong words, idioms of the northland, and his long whip bit sharply at their legs.

His companion, clinging to the sled, stumbled now and then, while his face, splitting from the snap of the frost, was smothered in a muffler. Sometimes he fell, plunging into the snow, arising painfully and groaning with the misery of "snow blindness."

"Most there now, Cap. Keep up your grit."

"I'm all right," answered the afflicted man wearily. "Don't mind me."

George, too, had suffered from the sheen of the unbroken whiteness, and, while his eyes had not wholly closed, he saw but dimly. His cheeks were grease smeared and blackened with charred wood to break the snow glare, but through his mask showed signs of suffering, while his bloodshot eyes dripped scalding tears and throbbed distressfully. For days he had not dared to lose sight of the guide. Once he had caught him sneaking the dogs away, and he feared he had killed the man for a time. Now Jaska broke trail ahead, his sullen, swollen features hateful in their injury.

Down the steep bank they slid, across the humped up sea ice at the Kiparmouth and into the village.

At the greeting of their guide to his tribesmen George started. Twelve years of coast life had taught him the dialect from Point Barrow south, and he glanced at Captain to find whether he, too, had heard the message. As Jaska handed a talisman to the chief he strode to him and snatched it.

"Oho! It's Father Orloff, is it? D—him!" He gazed at the token, a white spruce chip with strange marks and carvings.

"What does it mean, George?" said the blind man.

"It's a long story, Charlie, and black. You should have known it before we started. I'm a marked man in this coast country. It's Orloff's work, the renegade! 'Father,' he calls himself—father to these devils he rules and robs for himself in the name of the church. His hate is bitter, and he'd have my life if these watery livered curs didn't dread the sound of my voice. God help him when we meet!"

He shook his hairy claws at the hostile circle, then cried to the chief in the native tongue:

"Oh, Shaman! We come bleeding and hungry. Hunger grips us, and our bones are stiff with frost. The light is gone from my brother's eyes, and we are sick. Open you the door to the mission house that the 'Minoks' may crest and grow strong."

The Indians clustered before the portal, with its rude cross above, and stared malignantly while the chief spoke. At the name of his enemy the unsightly eyes of George gleamed, and the growled contemptuously, advancing among them. They scattered at the manner of his coming, and he struck the padlocked door till it rattled stiffly. Then, spying the cross overhead, he lifted up and gripped the wood. It came away ripping, and, with wails of rage and horror at the sacrilege, they closed about him.

"Here, Cap! Bust her in quick!" He dragged Captain before the entrance, thrusting the weapon upon him, then ran ferociously among the people. He snatched them to him, cuffing like a bear and trampling them into the snow. Those who came into the reach of his knotty arms crumpled up and twisted under his feet. He whirled into the group, roaring hoarsely, his angry, grease blackened face hideous with rage. The aborigine is not a fighting machine. For him the side step and counter have no being. They melted ahead of his blazing wrath, and he whisked them, fleeing, by their garments, so that they felt the stamp of his moccasined heels.

Captain dragged the team within, and George, following, blocked the shattered door.

"We're safe as long as we stay in the church," said he.

"Right of sanctuary, eh? Does it occur to you how we're going to get out?"

"Never mind. We'll get out somehow," said he, and that night as Charlie Captain, late university man and engineer, lay with eyes swathed in steaming cloths the whaler spoke operosely and with the bitterness of great wrong.

"It happened when we rocked the bars of Forty Mile before ever a Chechako had crossed the Chilkoot. I went over to the headwaters of the Tanana. Into the big valley I went and got lost in the data. 'Tis a wild country, rimmed by high mountains, full of niggerheads and tundra, with the river winding clean back to the source of the Copper.' I run out of grub. We always did them days and built a raft to float down to the Yukon. A race with starvation, and a dead heat it near proved, too, though I had a shade the best of it. I drifted out into the main river, raving mad, my 'Mukluks' eat off and my moose hide gun cover inside of me.

"A girl spied me from the village, and 'twas her brought me ashore in her birch bark and tended me in her wickiup till reason came and the blood ran through me again.

"I mind seeing a white man stand around at times and hearing him beg her to leave me to the old squaws. She didn't, though. She gave me bits of moose meat and berries and dried salmon, and when I come to one day I saw she was little and brown and pleading and her clothes all covered

He Whirled Into the Group, Roaring Hoarsely.

with beads. Her eyes was big and sad, Cap, and dimples poked into her cheeks when she laughed.

"'Twas then that Orloff takes a hand—the white man. A priest he called himself; breed, Russian. Maybe he was, but a blacker hearted thief never wronged a child. He wanted the girl, Metla, and so did I. When I asked her old man for her he said she was promised to the Russian. I laughed at him, and a chief hates to be mocked. You know what sway the church has over these Indians. Well, Orloff is a strong man. He held 'em like a rock. He worked on 'em till one day the tribesmen came to me in a body and said, 'Go!'

"'Give me the girl and I will,' says I.

"Orloff sneered. 'She was mine for a month before ye came,' says he, with the fiend showing back of his eyes. 'Do ye want her now?'

"For a minute I believed him. I struck once to kill, and he went down. They closed on me as fast as I shook 'em off. 'Twas a beautiful sight for a ruction on the high banks over the river, but I was like water from the sickness. I fought to get at their priest where he lay to stamp out his grinning face before they downed me, but I was beat back to the bluff, and I battled with my heels over the edge. I broke a pole from the fish rack, and a good many went down. Then I heard Metla calling softly from below:

"'Jump!' she said. 'Big one, jump!'

"She had loosed a canoe at the landing and now held it in the boiling current underneath, paddling desperately.

"As they ran out of the tents with their rifles I leaped.

"A long drop and cold water, but I hit feet first. When I rose the little girl was alongside.

"It's a ticklish thing to crawl over the stern of a canoe in the spatter of slugs, with the roar of muzzle loaders above. It's shaking to the nerves, but the maid never flinched, not even when a bullet split the gunnel. She ripped a piece of her dress and plugged a hole under the water line while I paddled out of range.

"The next winter at Holy Cross she ran to me shaking one day.

"'He is here! He is here! Oh, Big man, I am afraid!'

"'Who's here?' says I.

"'He is here—Father Orloff.' And her eyes was round and scared so that I took her up and kissed her while she clung to me. She was such a little girl!

"'He spoke to me at the water hole—"I have come for you." I ran very fast, but he came behind. "Where is George?"' he said.

"I went out of the cabin down to the mission and into the house of Father Barnum. He was there.

"'Orloff! What do ye want?' I says.

"'Father Barnum speaks up. 'He's known for a good man the length of the river. 'George,' says he, 'Father Orloff tells me you stole the girl Metla from her tribe. 'Tis a shameful thing for a white to take a red girl for his wife, but it's a crime to live as you do.'

"'What?' says I.

"'We can't sell you provisions nor allow you to stay in the village.'

"Orloff grins. 'You must go on,' he says, 'or give her up.'

"'No! I'll do neither.' And I shows the paper from the missionary at Nulato stating that we were married. 'She's my wife,' says I, 'and too good for me. She's left her people and her gods, and I'll care for her.' I saw how it hurt Orloff, and I laid my hand on his shoulder close to the neck. 'I distrust ye, and sure as Fate ye'll die the shocking death if ever harm comes to the little one.'

"That was the winter of the famine, though every winter was the same then, and I went to Anvik for grub—took all the strong men and dogs in the village. I was afraid when I left, too, for 'twas the time I should have been with her, but there was no one else to go.

"'When you come back,' she said, 'there will be another—a little boy—and he will grow mighty and strong like his father.' She hung her arms around me, Cap, and I left with her kisses warm on my lips.

"It was a terrible trip—the river wet with overflows and the cutoffs drifted deep, so I drove back into Holy Cross a week late, with bleeding dogs and frozen Indians straining at the sled ropes.

"I heard the wail of the old women before I came to the cabin, and when Metla had sobbed the story out in her weakness I went back into the dark and down to the mission. I remember how the northern lights flared over the hills above and the little spruces on the summit looked to me like headstones, black against the moon, and I laughed when I saw the snow red in the night glare, for it meant blood and death.

"It was as lusty a babe as ever crowed, but Orloff had come to the sickbed and sent her squaws away. Baptism and such things he said he'd do. The little fellow died that night.

"They say the mission door was locked and barred, but I pushed through it like paper and came into Father Barnum's house, where they sat. Fifty below is bad for the naked flesh. I broke in, bareheaded, mittenless, and I'd froze some on the way down. He saw murder in my eyes and tried to run, but I got him as he went out of the room. He tore his throat loose from my stiffened fingers and went into the church, but I beat down the door with my naked fists, mocking at his prayers inside, and may I never be closer to death than Orloff was that night.

"Then a squaw tugged at my parka.

"'She is dying, Anguk,' she said, and I ran back up the hill with the cold biting at my heart.

"There was no death that night in Holy Cross, though God knows one naked soul was due to walk out on to the snow. At daylight, when I came back for him, he had fled down the river with the fastest dogs, and to this day I've never seen his face, though 'tis often I've felt his hate.

"He's grown into the strongest missionary on the coast, and he never lets a chance go by to harry me or the girl.

"D'ye mind the time 'Skagway' Bennet died? We was pardners up Norton sound way when he was killed. They thought he suicided, but I know. I found a caribou belt in the brush near camp—the kind they make on the Kuskokwim, Father Orloff's country. His men took the wrong one, that's all.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell ye this, Cap, before we started, for now we're into the south country, where he owns the natives. He knows we've come, as the blood token of the guide showed. He wants my life, and there's great trouble coming up. I'm hoping ye'll soon get your sight, for by now there's a runner twenty miles into the hills with news that we're blind in the church at Togiak. Three days he'll be going, and on the fifth ye'll hear the jangle of Russian dog bells. He'll kill the fastest team in Nushagak in the coming, and God help us if we're here."

George scraped a bit of frost face from the lone window pane. Dark figures moved over the snow, circling the chapel, and he knew that each was armed. Only their reverence for the church held them from doing the task set by Orloff, and he sighed as he changed the bandages on his suffering mate.

They awoke the next morning to the moan of wind and the sift of snow clouds past their walls. Staring through his peephole, George distinguished only a seethe of whirling flakes that grayed the view, blotting even the neighboring huts, and when the early evening brought a rising note in the storm the trouble lifted from his face.

"A three day blizzard," he rejoiced, "and the strongest team on the coast can't wallow through it under a week. These on shore gales is beauts."

For three days the wind tore from off the sea into the open bight at whose head lay Togiak, and its violence wrecked the armor of shore ice in the bay till it beat and roared against the spit, a thrashing maelstrom of shattered bergs. The waters piled into the inlet, driven by the lash of the storm, till they overflowed the river ice behind the village, submerging and breaking it into ragged, dangerous confusion.

On the third day, with arctic vagary, the wind gasped reluctantly and scurried over the range. In its wake the surging ocean churned loudly, and the backwater behind the town, held by the dam of freezing slush ice at the river mouth, was skimmed by a thin ice paper, pierced here and there by the up ended piles from beneath. This held the night's snow, so that morning showed the village girt on three sides by a stream soft carpeted and safe to the eye, but falling beneath the feet of a child.

"Your eyes are coming along mighty slow," worried George. "I'm hoping his reverence is up to his gills in drifts back yonder. We must leave him a sled trail for a souvenir."

"How can we with the place guarded?"

"Hitch the dogs and run for it by night. He'll burn us out when he comes. Fine targets we'd make on the snow by the light of a burning shack! If ye can see to shoot we'll go tonight. Hello! What's that?"

Outside came the howl of malamoots and the cry of men. Leaping to the window, George rubbed it free and stared into the sunshine.

"Too late, too late!" he said. "Here he comes! It's time I killed him." He spoke gratingly, with the dull anger of years.

On the bright surface of the opposite hillside a sled bearing a muffled figure appeared silhouetted against the gasten of the crust. Its team, maddened by the village scent, poured down the incline toward the river bank, and the guide swung on to the runners behind, while the voice of the people rose to their priest. In a whirl of soft snow they drove down on to the treachery of the ice. The screams of the natives frenzied the pack, and

"He needs killing. I am hungry for his life."

they rioted out on to the heaving sheet, while the long sledge, borne by its momentum, shot forward till the splitting cry of the ice sounded over the lamentations. It slackened, sagged and disappeared in a surge of congealing waters. The wheel dogs were dragged into the opening and their mates ahead jerked backward on to them. In a fighting tangle all settled into the swirl.

Orloff leaped from the sinking sled, but, hindered by his fur swaddling, crashed through and lunged heavily in his struggles to mount the edge of the film. As he floundered on to the caving surface it let him back, and the waters covered him time and again. He pitched oddly about, and for the first time they saw his eyes were bound tightly with bandages, which he strove to loosen.

"My God, he's snow blind!" cried George, and in a moment he appeared among the frantic mob fringing the shore.

The guide broke his way toward a hummock of old ice forming an islet near by, and the priest half swam, half scrambled behind, till they crawled out upon this solid footing. Here the wintry wind searched them, and their dripping clothes stiffened quickly. Orloff dragged the strips from his face, and as the sun glitter pierced his eyes he writhed as though scared by the naked touch of hot steel.

He shouted affrightedly in his blindness, but the mocking voice of Big George answered him, and he cowered at the malevolence in the words.

"Here I am, Orloff. It's help ye want, is it? I'll shoot the man that tries to reach ye. Ha, ha! Ye're freezing, eh? Georgie will talk to keep ye awake. A dirty trick of the river to cheat me so! I've fattened for years on the hope of stamping your life out, and now's it's robbed me. But I'll stick till ye're safe in h—l."

The man cried piteously, turning his bleared eyes toward the sound.

"Shoot, why don't you, and end it? Can't you see we're freezing?" He stood up in his carapace of stiffened clothes, shivering palsiedly.

"The truest thing ye ever said," cried George, and he swung his Colt's into view. "It'll favor you, and I'll keep my vow." He raised the gun. The splashing of the distant dogs broke the silence. A native knelt stiffly.

"George, George!" Captain had stumbled down among them and plucked at his arm, peering dimly into his distorted face. "Great God! Are you a murderer? They'll be dead before we can save them."

"Save 'em!" said George, while reason fought with his mania. "Who's going to save 'em? He needs killing. I'm hungry for his life."

"He's a man, George. They're both human, and they're dying in sight of us. Give him a chance. Fight like a man."

As he spoke the fury fell away from the whaler, and he became the alert, strong man of the frontier, knowing the quick danger and meeting it.

Soaked to the armpits, he smashed a trail through which they reached the hummock where the others lay, too listless for action.

At the shore they bore the priest to their shelter, while the guide was snatched into a nearby hut. They hacked off his brittle clothes and supported him to the bed.

"He's badly frozen," whispered Captain. "Can we save him?" They rubbed and thawed for hours, but the sluggish blood refused to flow into the extremities, and Captain felt that this man would die for lack of amputation.

"'Tis no use," finally said the big man despairingly. "I've seen too many of 'em. We've done our best."

"George Brace, I've harmed you bitterly," declared Orloff, "and you're a good man to help me so. It's no use. We have both fought the cold death and know when to quit. I came here to kill you, but you will go out across the mountains free, while I rave in madness and the medicine men make charms over me. When you come into Bethel mission I'll be dead. Goodby."

"Good h—l! We're taking ye to Bethel and a doctor in ten minutes. A week's travel as the trail goes, but we'll save a chunk of ye yet, old man."

Five days later a broken team crawled over the snow to the Moravian mission, urged by two men gaunt from the trail and blistered by the cold. From the sledge came shrieks and threaty mutterings, horrid gabblings of post-freezing madness, and Dr. Forrest, lifting back the robe, found Orloff lashed into his couch.

"Five days from Togiak, 200 miles in heavy trails," explained George wearily as the cries of the maniac dimmed behind the log walls.

Two hours later Forrest spoke gravely as they nursed their frostbites.

"We've operated. He will recover."

"It's a sad, sad day," mourned George. "It just takes the taste out of everything. He's a cripple, eh?"

"Yes—helpless! I did not know Father Orloff had many—er—friends hereabouts," continued the doctor. "He was thought to be hated by the whites. I'm glad the report was wrong."

"Friends be d—d," said the other strongly. "What's a friend? Ye can get them any place, but where can ye find another enemy like that man?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Some Notes on "Origins."

"Humpty Dumpty Sat on a Wall," etc., has come down to us from the days of King John. "The Babes In the Wood" dates from the fifteenth century, being founded upon facts, an old house near Wayland Wood, Norfolk, having the whole story in carvings on a mantlepiece. "Little Jack Horner," "Little Miss Muffet," "Old Mother Hubbard," "Mother Goosey" and "Goosey, Goosey Gander" are each traceable to the sixteenth century.

"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been?" belongs to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. "Three Blind Mice" first appeared in a music book dated 1609. "A Froggie Would a-Wooing Go", was licensed to be sung as far back as 1600. "Boys and Girls Come Out to Play" and "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket" both hail from the period of Charles II. And, last of all, "Cinderella," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Bluebeard" and "Tom Thumb" were published by their author, Charles Perrault, in the year 1697.—London Notes and Queries.

Palestine Children at Play.

In Palestine, as always, according to a contributor to Chambers' Journal, children's play is mostly "making believe" that they are grown up. You may see a mite of five or six paying a visit of ceremony to a pasha of equally tender years, exchanging such compliments with him as "Rest, I pray you!" "Nay, he who sees you is rested!" and finally backing out of his presence, while he gathers up handfuls of dust and sprinkles it on his head. Holding a law court, with melon seeds to represent the bribes, is a popular game, and so is a raid of fierce men from the desert. The selling of Joseph and his subsequent interviews with his brethren are rendered with much dramatic action. Also the afflictions of the man of Uz, with now details, such as Job's wife cutting off her hair and selling it for bread. "Doing bride" is naturally the chief amusement of the Moslem girl, as it is the one great event of her later life.

Dr. Johnson and Ghosts.

Dr. Johnson expressed himself with characteristic caution and common sense on the subject of ghosts. "It is wonderful," he said, "that 5,000 years have now elapsed since the creation of the world, and still it is undecided whether or not there has ever been an instance of the spirit of any person appearing after death." Yet the credibility of some stories of apparitions can hardly be called in question. Edward FitzGerald was far from being a superstitious man, and there is a story of FitzGerald in a book called "Tennyson and His Friends." He once told some people "how he had one day clearly seen from outside his sister and her children having tea in his dining room. He then saw his sister quietly withdraw from the room so as not to disturb the children. At that moment she died in Norfolk."—London Mail.

Saw Wood After the Wedding.

Many of the small towns in Europe have distinctive wedding customs which must be observed, and of these the old mountain town of Wildermann, in Germany, claims one that is particularly interesting and quaint. On the day before the wedding the young men interested in the couple place a sawhorse on the top of the house where the bride is lodging, usually upon a chimney, and the bridegroom has to take it down before the wedding. On the wedding day the couple find a rope barring their way after they leave the church, and they are not allowed to pass until they have sawed in two the knotty log lying upon the horse. The inhabitants of the town gather around to watch the sawing, which is supposed to show whether or not the couple will pull well together.—Popular Mechanics.

Berlin's Palaces.

Berlin owes its palaces and many of its finest buildings to Frederick William I. That monarch had a passion for building and transmitted it to others. Whenever he heard of a rich merchant settling in the capital he ordered him to build a residence in keeping with his wealth. If the merchant obeyed he was duly rewarded, and many German families owe their title of nobility to an ancestor having built a fine house.

His Thrilling Experience.

The following is an extract from a youthful autobiography:

"I am eleven years old. When I was three I had the scarlet fever. After that I had mumps, measels and whooping cough, soon a great dane jumped and bit my face and then I fell off of a ladder and broke my arm. Mother says boys have much better times now than when she was childish."—Everybody's.

He Knew Her.

"My wife is very particular," said the customer to the house decorator. "She says she wants the walls to match her complexion."

"Oh, she wants 'em painted, then, and not papered," replied the wise man.—Yonkers Statesman.

His Three Laughs.

"The fool," wrote Burne-Jones in one of his letters, "has three laughs. He laughs at what is good, he laughs at what is bad and he laughs at what he does not understand."

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Time Table in Effect March 2, 1913.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 5.03, 7.18, 9.13 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 7.00, 8.11, 11.02 a. m., 3.05, 5.03, 9.13 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6.50, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 12.18, 1.10, 3.05, 4.18, 5.03, 7.15, 9.13 p. m.

Tiverton—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 12.18, 1.10, 3.05, 4.18, 5.03, 7.18, 9.18 p. m.

Middleboro—6.50, 8.15, a. m., 12.18, 3.05, 4.18 p. m.

Hyannis—6.50, a. m., 12.18, 3.05, 4.18 p. m.

Provincetown—6.50 a. m., 3.05 p. m.

Plymouth—11.00 a. m., 3.05 p. m.

New Bedford—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, a. m., 12.18, 1.10, 3.05, 4.18, 5.03, 9.13 p. m.

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TIME TABLE

In effect September 9, 1912.

Subject to change without notice.

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CARS LEAVE NEWPORT CITY HALL for Fall River, City Hall (1 hr. 20 min.), via Middletown (90 min.), Portsmouth (40 min.) Island Park (52 min.), Stone Bridge (55 min.), Tiverton (60 min.). *6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 10.50, 11.30 a. m., 12.10, 12.50, 1.30, 2.10, 2.50, 3.30, 4.10, 4.50, 5.30, 6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 11.15 p. m. Return, lv. Fall River City Hall, *5.10, *5.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.10, 11.50 a. m., 12.30, 1.10, 1.50, 2.30, 3.10, 3.50, 4.30, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.20 p. m. Return, lv. Stone Bridge, *5.45, 6.20, 7.05, 7.45, 8.25, 9.05, 9.45, 10.25, 11.05, 11.45 a. m., 12.25, 1.05, 1.45, 2.25, 3.05, 3.45, 4.25, 5.05, 5.45, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 8.25, 9.05, 9.45, 10.25, 11.00, 11.55 p. m.

CARS LEAVE FRANKLIN STREET FOR Beach (12 min.), *6.40, *6.55, *7.10, 7.55, every 15 min. to 10.40 a. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.)

Elm Corner (10 min.), *6.35, *6.50, 7.05, every 15 min. to 11.35 p. m.

Morton Park (17 min.), *6.10, *6.25, 6.40, every 15 min. to 11.10. Return, lv. Morton Park, *6.22, *6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22 p. m.

CARS LEAVE MILE CORNER FOR Beach (22 min.) *6.00, *6.45, *7.00, 7.15, every 15 min. to 10.30 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52. (Change at Franklin Street).

Morton Park (22 min.), *6.00, *6.15, 6.30, every 15 min. to 11.00 p. m. Return, lv. Morton Park, *6.22, *6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22. p. m.

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Rescue de Luxe.

"Hurry up and save that girl!" bawled the fire chief. "Why don't you hurry up?"

The fireman bent over and whispered down three stories:

"I'll have her on the ladder in a minute, chief. I'm waiting for her to curl her hair."—Washington Herald.

An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man.—Emerson.

Dignity of Senatorial Visiting.

There is something impressive in the way one senator generally calls on another in the office building at Washington. A repressive dignity precludes the old time free and easy method of "drop-ping in to see Tom" or Jim or Jack—sticking in the door and sitting down on the table or desk and "smoking up" without invitation. Today there is a sedate step, measured and regular, as the senator sets out to call, with a manner and bearing that at once suggest senatorial dignity and courtesy. Such a bearing and dignity must perforce take the place of the impressive senatorial toga of the old days, and a visiting dramatist (a lady, to be sure) has suggested that it would be most fascinating to come to the senate on some holiday and find the distinguished gentlemen who now wear tweed and business suits attired in the Caesarian toga and mantle—a mise en scene that would leave Shakespeare's Julius Caesar at its best presentation hopelessly in the background.—Joe Mitchell Chapple in National Magazine.

Dreamland.

Most people sleep for about eight hours out of the daily twenty-four. That means they sleep one-third of each day, or one-third of their entire lives. And, according to many scientists, the whole time we are asleep we dream. We do not remember most of these dreams. Indeed, we remember only the very last one before we wake or some dream that is so vivid it wakes us. In other words, for one-third of our total lives we are dwelling in dreamland. And dreamland is a country of more utter absurdities, more grisly horrors, more fears, hopes, surprises and novelties than any land described by the most imaginative author. It is a land full of mystery, a land that science has for sixty centuries sought in vain to explore. It lies amid wholly unexplored regions of the human brain, regions which its possessor never saw.—New York World.

Foretelling the Weather.

Here are a few hints for foretelling the following day's weather: First of all, look at the northwest for your weather. However threatening the sky may appear, if you see a bit of blue in the northwest you won't have a steady downpour. At the worst it will only be showery.

If the day has been very fine and the blue sky is suddenly specked over in the evening with little curly clouds then look out for a change of weather. The longer they take to form the longer the time before the change comes about.

A red sun in the early morning is a bad sign, for there will be wet weather before the next twenty-four hours are over. Though the sky at sunrise may be absolutely cloudless, yet if the eastern horizon is red or orange the clouds will roll up and rain probably will fall before nightfall.

Evening red and morning gray,
Two sure signs of one fine day.

Tennyson's Last Hours.

Dr. G. H. R. Dabbs was the medical attendant on Tennyson during the latter's last illness. A few hours before the end the poet turned to the doctor and said "Death?" The doctor merely bowed his head. "That's well," said Tennyson. Dr. Dabbs has left on record a picture of the concluding scene. "Nothing," he writes, "could have been more striking. * * * On the bed a figure of breathing marble, flooded and bathed in the light of the full moon streaming through the oriel window; his hand clasping the Shakespeare which he had asked for but recently and which he had kept by him to the end; the moonlight, the majestic figure as he lay there, 'drawing thicker breath,' irresistibly brought to our minds his own 'Passing' of Arthur.'"

South African Lame Sickness.

An investigation of the South African disease known as lamziekte, or lame sickness, suggests that it is due to a special plant poison that is generated under abnormal conditions in grasses or other plants that are normally harmless. Its development seems to be associated with unusual weather and soil experiences, of which summer drought is important. Through such conditions willing would favor the formation of the poison, and this gives explanation for the common belief that the disease results from eating wilted plants.

The Equator In Africa.

At the equator in Africa there are only two seasons—the wet and the dry. The former lasts eight months. During the rains the natives live in houses made principally of bamboo and roofed with leaves, but as soon as the rains stop they set out for the forests and jungles.

Writes Some Good Things.

Chlorinda—How can you dream of marrying a man who writes such awfully stupid love letters? Marigold—But just think, dear—he can write the most beautiful checks, and that's the main thing, you know, after one's married.—Judge.

Misunderstanding.

Distressed Damsel—Oh, sir, catch that man! He wanted to kiss me! Pensive Pedestrian—That's all right. There'll be another one along in a minute.—Purple Cow.

Once Is Enough.

Proh — They say lightning never strikes twice in the same place. Kohn—Well, what's the use? — Louisville Times.

Great men exist that there may be greater men.

An Evasive Answer.

"What do you think of our envoy extraordinary?" asked the tourist.

"He suits the title admirably," replied the courteous and discreet diplomat. "He is one of the most extraordinary envoys I ever saw."—Baltimore American.

If you would raise others live yourself as a mountain.—Farrar.

Penalties of Genius.

Genius and ill health, it would seem, often go hand in hand. At any rate, many of the greatest deeds that the world has seen performed have been accomplished by men physically infirm.

Darwin suffered so acutely from nervous exhaustion that he could only work for two hours a day at the most. Thackeray was frequently ill; Johnson nearly always in poor health; Dickens at the age of fifty-five was an old man, with shattered nerves; while Sir Walter Scott, a subject of spasms, was a chronic invalid during the later years of his life and died at the age of fifty-nine.

Milton, William Morris and Charles Keane, the actor, all were slaves to gout, and Milton was further handicapped by being blind. The poet Keats died of consumption when still quite young. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was an invalid for the greater part of her life.

Insanity claimed Dean Swift, while Rousseau and Cowper were insane during periods of their lives.

Looking Ahead.

A handsome young woman entered the office of a prominent lawyer. Immediately the legal one rose to greet her.

"I am glad to tell you, Miss Smith," he pleasantly remarked, "that your breach of promise suit has been settled. The defendant has expressed a desire to compromise the case by marrying you."

"I am very glad to hear that," was the smiling response of Miss Smith. "It is much better than taking a chance on losing the verdict. You have managed the case very well. How much do I owe you?"

"Let me see," thoughtfully mused the lawyer. "Shall we say $1000?"

"We shall not," was the emphatic rejoinder of the fair plaintiff. "It is entirely too much."

"Well, then, I will tell you what I will do, Miss Smith," responded the lawyer. "I will just cut that bill in half if you will promise to retain me as your counsel when you sue for a divorce."—Philadelphia Ledger.

First Actress In London.

It was a warm reception that was given to the first French players to appear in London in 1620. Their visit was an utter failure. It was notable, however, for the important innovation which was the chief cause of their unpopularity.

The luckless troupe introduced actresses for the first time on the English stage—"thereby giving just offence to all virtuous and well-disposed persons in this town," wrote Thomas Brande, reflecting the spirit of the playgoer of that time, who was used to seeing boys take the female characters.

These "French women, or monsters rather," were "hissed, hooted and pippin pelted from the stage." The first move against this prejudice was not long delayed, however. Five years later another French company came to London with women players, under royal patronage, and were received "with good approbation" at the Cockpit in Whitehall.—London Graphic.

Roaring Wags.

The Red Lion club was composed of great Englishmen, and Huxley was one of the members. The club used to meet during the session of the British association. To a certain meeting at Ipswich, England, which Huxley described in his "Letters," some foreigners were invited, the Prince of Canino, Bonaparte's nephew, among them, and greatly astonished they were at the exceedingly human behavior of the learned professors. The Red Lion men had a custom of roaring instead of cheering and of wagging one coattail—the lion's tail—when applauding. The prince was much impressed by these proceedings, and when he stood up to respond to the toast of his health instead of making a speech he gave three mighty roars and three wags.

Brevity In Legislation.

Old time Scotchmen realized that brevity is the soul of legislation. For instance, King James I.'s parliament passed an act which said simply: "No man shall enter any place where there is hay with a candle unless it be in a lantern." This is probably the shortest statute ever passed. In fact, one small volume is enough to hold more than two centuries of Scotch legislation.

Diet For Elderly Persons.

An English scientist in his book on "Diet In Relation to Age and Activity" urges less meat, little or no milk and no highly concentrated foods for men and women past fifty. He pleads with wives not to urge elderly husbands to eat more than their natural appetites demand.

One View of Music.

And music, whatever people say, is not a universal language. The bow of words is necessary to send the arrow of sound into the hearts of men.—Romain Rolland.

A Sociologist.

A sociologist is a guy who advises a man who is keeping nine children on $10 a week that limousines and champagne are unhealthy luxuries.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

An Admission.

Teacher—What is a vacuum? Boy—I know, teacher. I have it in my head, but I can't just think of it.—Brooklyn Life.

No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself.

Brazil's Coffee.

Brazil is the greatest coffee producing country in the world and alone furnishes two-thirds of the total world's consumption. The Brazilian coffee producing states are Sao Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, Minas Geraes, Espirito Santo, Bahia, Santa Catharina, Ceara, Parahyba, Pernambuco and Parani.

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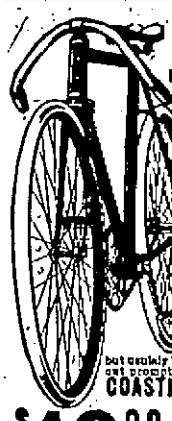

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Her First Ice Cream Soda.

She was evidently more than fifty and she showed every outward sign of poverty and hard work—mending hard work. But evidently this was a special event and her eyes shone with excitement. She entered one of the big drug stores and while her excitement visibly increased her assurance seemed to fade. After hesitating a moment she walked over to the soda fountain, where a pleasant faced boy was "wiping up." Pushing a nickel over the marble counter, she blurted in an awkward manner that she wanted a soda. The proprietor of the drug store, who was watching her, is a kindly man and he grasped the situation at once. With a bound he was behind the counter before the boy could tell this excited reveler that her soda would cost ten cents. Then he himself mixed a delicious strawberry ice cream soda and gave it to the little old woman, who sank contentedly upon one of the stools at the counter and gave herself over to it. The proprietor smiled crookedly down at the nickel as he dropped it into the cash drawer and rang up a five cent sale.—Exchange.

How to Be an Inventor.

A retired professor of mechanical engineering was called upon to deliver a few lectures on invention to the senior engineering classes. His first injunction was that when one attempts to devise a machine to do a certain thing, one must consider directly the fundamental operations to be performed and must wipe from the mind all existing methods and all preconceived notions. He stated that one so called inventor attempted in the days of the scythe to invent a mowing machine. Being familiar only with the scythe, he designed a horse drawn machine which would swing a scythe. He simply replaced the man by a mechanism. It is needless to say that his invention did not survive. The problem of efficiently cutting hay and grain was not successfully solved until it was attacked by a man with an open mind, and he devised the knife of the modern mowing machine or reaper.—American Machinist.

The Perfect Cup of Coffee.

Fill a kettle with fresh cold water that has run for a few moments and put it to boil. Place over an open china teapot kept just for coffee (as metal is deleterious) a clean wet old linen napkin or a new square of unbleached muslin, letting it sag toward the center. Put into the depression four heaping tablespoonfuls (for four cups of coffee) of finely pulverized Java and Mocha or any preferred brand of coffee. When the water in the kettle is at the galloping point pour it through the coffee slowly until four cupfuls have filtered through. Just the contents of the kettle can go in if measured before boiling, allowing a little for waste. Cover and take at once to table. Wash the cloth immediately after breakfast and keep in a jar of cold water, never permitting it to get dry, and freshening the water every day.—New York Times.

Oiling Japanese Umbrellas.

The vegetable oil used in making paper umbrellas in Japan is pressed out of the seeds of the rubber plant. This oil is made in the various islands famous for oil and seeds from these plants. Sandy ground is favored for the cultivation of the plant. The yield of seeds is estimated at twenty bushels per acre. The annual production throughout Japan amounts to 350,000 bushels, from which over a gallon of oil per bushel is extracted. The oil, before it is used, is boiled and then cooled until it can be applied by hand to umbrellas with a piece of cloth or waste. No machinery or tools are used in applying the oil. When the oiling is completed the umbrellas are exposed in the sun for about five hours. This oil is also used in making the Japanese lanterns, artificial leather, printing ink, lacquer, varnishes, oil paper and paints.

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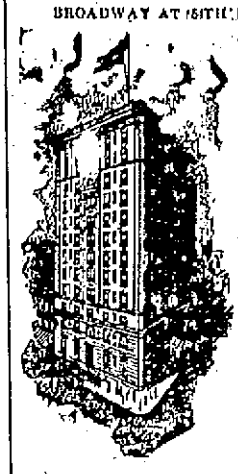

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In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone	131
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Saturday, September 6, 1913.

The first ship is scheduled to pass through the Panama Canal next month. The completion of this Canal will be the great event of the century.

Congressman Richard P. Hobson is a candidate for United States senator from Alabama, and entertains a hope that in this instance Hobson's choice will be the people's choice.

The new child labor law of Massachusetts, effective Monday, forced between 1300 and 1500 youthful mill operatives out of employment in New Bedford and about 700 at Lowell.

A New York judge has held that during the period of courtship a man is being held in a sort of suspended apprehension of the truth and is not accountable for what he says. That is well enough, but some of them never recover.

The Senate finance committee has decided to increase the income tax rates on large incomes. The exact rates fixed are not given out, but it is known that the maximum is 6 per cent. This is the rate that will apply to all incomes over $5000,00 a year. Most of us will not need to lie awake nights for fear this rate will hurt us.

A Mexico City special says the exodus of Americans from there has practically ceased, only 16 leaving Tuesday. The scare caused by President Wilson's warning is believed over. Intervention or recognition of Huerta government is only the course left to the United States, in the opinion of foreign powers, which would like to see recognition.

The Victory on Lake Erie.

One hundred years ago next Wednesday a Newport boy, Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, and his Newport followers fought and won the Battle of Lake Erie. Seldom, if ever, has one small community been more clearly entitled to the honor and glory of a great victory which made history for a vast stretch of country. Had the victory on Lake Erie gone to the British arms our entire northwest would have been today under the British flag. Some of our most flourishing and prosperous cities, such as Detroit, Cleveland, Milwaukie, St. Paul, Minneapolis and perhaps even Chicago, would have owed allegiance to the British government, and the great States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and possibly others would have been lost to this country forever. Previous to the coming of Perry to the Lakes the British forces on the water were supreme, and preparations were being made to land the British armies on the southern shores to complete the conquest of the territory adjoining the great lakes when Perry's forces intervened. Had the victory gone to the hostile force no power could have prevented complete dominion of the British in all the northwest territory.

The actual physical effect of the victory was magnificent for the vicinity of the lakes, covering a territory of thousands of miles; but for the rest of the country the moral effect was greater yet. The British arms had been generally triumphant throughout the war. There had been little glory for the American cause on land or sea, and the people were becoming disheartened in the gloom of continued defeat. Through the heavy clouds came a sudden ray of sunshine in the message from Commodore Perry, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." Once again the country was aroused and the arms of the United States followed up the victory to a final successful termination of the war.

The victory on Lake Erie was preeminently a Newport victory. Newport claims the commander that struggled through the wilderness in the dead of winter, that built the ships from the growing timber in the forest, that launched them and hauled them across a dangerous bar in the face of an active foe, that finally fought his ship until it was dismantled and dismanned and then transferred his flag to another ship in time to wring victory and glory and honor from the almost certain disaster of defeat. Newport claims the commander—and she claims the captains of the ships, and the commanders of the guns, and the neucleus of the force that under the dauntless leadership of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry struggled through indomitable hardship and danger to the final victory. One hundred and fifty officers and men went with Perry from Newport in the dead of winter. These were the skilled seamen, the ship-builders, the navigators, the men trained to danger and peril of sea and shore from their very childhood. Without them the victory could never have been won. The volunteers from Kentucky were brave men, but unskilled in seamanship; the conscript details from the army sent aboard the ships in the absence of a sufficient force of sailors were brave men; but the men of Rhode Island were as brave as they and they were trained in the science of the sea.

The victory on Lake Erie was a national victory and is being celebrated as a national event all over the country, but not yet has Newport's supreme claim to the honor and the glory of the battle been disputed.

The President as a Dictator.

The President is subjecting himself to a good deal of adverse criticism now a days by usurping the powers and prerogatives of Congress. He has been in office now just six months and that period is the limit of his experience as a national law maker or law enforcer. But notwithstanding this lack of experience he has undertaken personally to shape the policies of the government. He began with tariff revision and insisted that the Ways and Means Committee should go farther in the direction of free trade than it had intended. The President dictated free sugar and free wool because these schedules gave the bill the free-trade doctrinaire's particular mark. Since taking the place of the House in originating a revenue measure the President has sent a personal representative to Mexico charged with urging there the President's individual views. In the natural course of diplomatic affairs we would have had an ambassador at the Mexican capital whose confirmation by the Senate would have preceded his performance of the duties of the position. All this the President managed to put aside to take upon himself the originative action, and without due regard to the letter and spirit of the constitution.

No President could be qualified to individualize the legislative action of the government in this manner. In both instances the President has forestalled or ignored the rightful powers of Congress, adopting a course suggesting that he is virtually thinking and acting without considering that there are co-ordinate departments of the government. He may or may not be proceeding in the sprit of conscious egotism, but the policies he keeps at the front are evolved by himself, and without regard to the constitutional requirements pointed out. Free sugar and free wool are in tariff revision because he decided in his own mind, without reference to other minds, that free trade must be made definite and emphasized. Gov. Lind as envoy acted as a substitute for an ambassadorial representative confirmed by the Senate. What changes the President has decided on for currency will soon appear. His idea of running the country is to get all the policies out of his own head and then put on the pressure of executive influence. He will discover that there are other heads than his own, and most probably better ones.

Income Taxes.

[Boston Herald]

Most of the states have income taxes which are bearing down with increasing seriousness. And the success of the federal government in collecting taxes of incomes is likely to make imitators of state governments. Theoretically, they should withdraw from a field into which Uncle Sam has entered with such heartiness and vigor, but practically they are not likely to do so. They are more apt to attempt to utilize in some indirect way the information acquired by Uncle Sam so as to give effectiveness to their own no more nor less quiescent laws.

Other countries are moving in the same direction, notably Germany. An international congress, or conference, is likely to be called before long for formulation of rules as to residence, etc., so as to allow no "guilty capitalist" to escape by haggling with the question of domicile, much as some men "kite checks." All these endeavors of the nations mean a harvest for the lawyers. They will set out to devise ways, through the distribution of the estates among members of a family, and perhaps through changes of legal residence, for lessening the burden of these multiplying taxes. And between the lawyers and the governments of state and nation, the contest is likely to run for some time. The rich afford an easy mark in periods of great public extravagance. If, instead of devoting their energies to finding ways of individual escape, they would use their potent influence in public affairs toward cutting off the prodigious waste of public operation, they would be performing a service to the community as well as to themselves.

Meanwhile, let the man whose income lies somewhere between $4000 and $10,000 a year not comfort himself with the thought that he is measurably safe while the plutocrats are being pillaged. Temporarily this distinction has been drawn, but it will not last. The cost of government is increasing at such a prodigious rate, and very large fortunes are in reality so few, that everybody with anything in sight will eventually pay tribute. That the income tax bill as it passed the House should be radically amended, even before reaching the statute books, affords evidence of the spirit of the times.

It is said that there are fifty ships under construction for business via the Panama canal and that thirty steamship companies say their routes will be adjusted to meet changes in the shorter line between Atlantic and Pacific East Asiatic Steamship Co. has ordered seven 6,000-ton ships to carry California fruits to Europe via the canal. The Grand Trunk Pacific is building several fast ships to operate between British Columbia and California. The Hamburg-American will establish an around-the-world service via Panama and Suez canals.

John Marsch, general contractor for the Grand Trunk in Massachusetts, has ordered his sub-contractors to resume work on the roadbed of the Southern New England Railroad from Palmer to the Rhode Island State line. Time for completion of the work was extended to July 1, 1914.

It Could Not Succeed.

At a meeting of Confederate veterans at the recent Gettysburg celebration a resolution was passed declaring that the civil war could not have resulted otherwise, for if the 600,000 soldiers of the South under such commanders as Lee and his generals lost "we see that the demonstration was complete, that the thing could not be done, and our failure must give pause to those who, in the future, would contemplate such an undertaking." The argument from a Confederate source is of an original nature, but as far as it goes it is sound. As the impossible was attempted the result was certain. A slave republic side by side with one that was free could not get along peaceably. The Mississippi was never designed for two jurisdictions. How could tranquility be expected on an inland frontier stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific? The mountain people of the South were for the old flag. They could have been held only by force. Immigration flowed to the North almost exclusively, and there was concentrated the bulk of national wealth.

It is true, as quaintly stated, that "the thing could not be done" if Lee and his veterans could not accomplish it. But there are stronger reasons why failure was foredoomed to be the result of the Confederate cause. They are grandly stated in Lincoln's Gettysburg oration. The cause of all republics, all humanity, was at stake. If the United States went to wreck what hope remained for any nation so constituted? Two, divided against each other, would be a sorry remnant of the one founded by Washington and the generals and statesmen associated with him. If Lee's army had been twice as strong slavery would have gone down eventually. It has been abolished in all civilized countries. Yet it was in the Confederate constitution. The United States pursues the destiny that, in a general way, was intended by its founders. Happily, the former Confederates are as patriotic as any citizens. A man of Southern birth is president. The party that bore the chief responsibilities of the Union cause would respond to any new and worthy call. It will come back, but meantime its love of country is just the same.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Mrs. Elbert Sisson entertained the King's Daughters at the regular meeting.

Miss Esther Bishop has returned from a visit to Mrs. Frank Mullen of Brighton, Mass.

Mrs. John F. Chase has returned from a visit to her daughter, Mrs Rufus Bennett of Bridgewater, Mass.

The schools began the fall term on Tuesday.

Mrs. Martha G. Eddy of Vaucluse School who has been spending the summer in Brooklyn and Utica, N. Y., returned Sunday.

Mrs. Eliza McLeod has been entertaining Mrs. Ramloss of Newport, and Misses Edith and May Cusick of Boston.

The Girls' Auxliary of St. Paul's Church held a lawn party last week at the home of Mrs. Frederick Cooke. Those who assisted were Miss Hazel Dale at the lemonade table, Misses Eleanor Matthews and Janet Wilkie at the candy table, Miss Dorothy Barry and Miss Marjorie Hall presided at the souvenir table, Mrs. Ralph H. Anthony and Miss Stella Hedly were at the fancy work table, Mrs. William B. Anthony and Miss Katherine Boyd were at the fruit booth, Mrs. Frederick Webb sold sandwiches and Miss Alice Clifton and Miss Hazel Ford sold cake and ice-cream. Mrs. Cooke had the affair in charge. The grounds were prettily decorated and there was music.

Joan of Arc, a historical tragedy in 5 acts, was given by the young people of St. Anthony's Church, at Fair Hall, before a large audience. The cast was as follows:

Captain La Hire of the Crascau Free Companions	Dennis Murphy
Father de La Pierre, Augustine Monk	James Dunn
Charles VII, King of France	William Dunn
Count de La Tremoville	Michael Murphy
Pierre, Joan's favorite brother	John Shay
Baudre Court, captain of the Vau Couleurs	James Best
Nicholas, the spy, Crancourt captain	Lewis Murphy
De Belur, master of the house of the King	Arthur A. Barrett
King's cook	Miss Gladys Dawney
Joan's page and standard bearer	Cornelius Murphy
Joan of Arc	Miss Elizabeth Horgan
Queen Marie of Anjou	Miss Dorothy Rooney
Isabelle d'Arc, Joan's mother	Miss Marian Hayes
Hannette	Miss Mary McGraw
Margette	Miss Mary J. McGraw

The affair was in charge of Rev. Father Rooney. The costumes were all of the period of Charles VII of France and were very handsome. The scenery was much admired. All took their parts well, and the large audience enjoyed every minute of the entertainment. Mrs. May Cusick of Boston, Rev. George McCarthy of Providence and Prof. Oross of Elmhurst gave musical selections.

Miss Emily D. Sellew of Providence has been the guest of the Misses Hicks.

Mrs. Charles G. Clarke has returned from a visit to relatives in Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Grinnell have been the guests of Mrs. Geisler and Rev. John N. Geisler of Tolland, Conn.

The Newport County Agricultural Society has issued its books for the Fair to be held September 23—26.

Mrs. Mary Deltmer of Fall River, daughter of Mrs. William Sanford of this town, is to move to Brookline, Mass., where her daughter, Miss Mary will enter Simmons College.

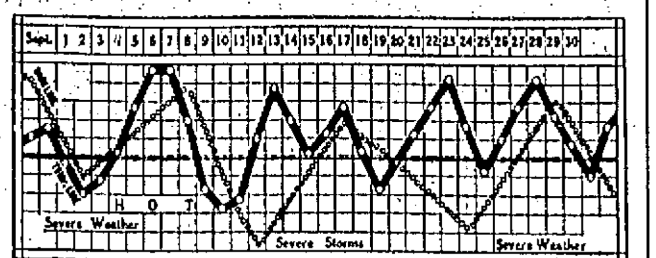
Mr. and Mrs. George A. Carter have returned from a visit to Slocum where they have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Caswell, and also of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Sherman of Wakefield.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus L. Wilbur have had as guests Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lyons of Pittsburg, Pa. and Master Edwin Wilbur of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. N. Almy and family who have been spending the past three months with Mrs. Almy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Carter have returned to their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perry, of Woodbridge, N. J. and Miss Susie Dixon are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin C. Sherman.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



Temperatures of September will average warmer than usual and rainfall will be below the usual amount. Storm forces will be of less intensity than the average of the year. Severe weather is expected near September 2, 15 and 28. Hot weather near 6 and 7.

Treble line represents normal temperatures and average probability of rain. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates cooler than usual. The rain line only indicates when rains are most probable. Temperature line dates are for meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs north and south thru St. Louis.

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Washington, D. C., Sept. 4, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent Sept. 4 to 8 and 10 to 14, warm waves 3 to 7 and 9 to 13, cool waves 6 to 10 and 12 to 16. Temperatures of these two disturbances, covering first half of September, will average warmer and drier than usual and the storm forces will be of less intensity than usual except about and following Sept. 13.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Sept. 14, cross Pacific slope by close of 15, great central valleys 16 to 18, eastern sections 19. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Sept. 15, great central valleys 17, eastern sections 19. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Sept. 17, great central valleys 19, eastern sections 21.

Temperatures of this disturbance will average above normal but will not average so high as the previous and following disturbances. It will bring the most dangerous storms of the month and although we are not expecting such great catastrophes as occurred earlier in the year, we advise that no risks be taken. It is not difficult to find places of safety during a storm and we can generally arrange our affairs so as to avoid dangerous places. Sept. 12 to 20 will bring the equinoctial storms this year and to warn people of danger periods is a part of our duty.

Locating these dangerous storms is not an easy matter. The best we can do is to locate them 300 to 500 miles southeast of the center of the lows. We give the dates on which the warm waves are to cross the continent and these dates will not be far wrong. Watch the progress of the warm waves as the dangerous storms occur in them. The warm waves and the dangerous storms form southeast of the lows.

Excessive heat, particularly that kind of heat that saps the energies, causes stinging sensations and the breaking out of heat eruptions is a warning of the approach of dangerous storms. Sept. 12 to 18 our danger signals will hang out and we hope they will save much suffering and destruction of property.

We have been expecting showers not far from Sept. 6, 17 and 29 but not sufficient for late or top cotton. We have repeatedly advised friends of our work to hold their cotton and buy more and we still advise them not to sell their cotton immediately. Foster's Weather Bureau has saved to producers and dealers millions of dollars, particularly by advising when not to sell grain and cotton. Such advice is equally valuable to consumers and dealers. If you do not find everything you need in the way of advice in the bulletins write to Foster's Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C., and we will try to amend our advices.

No one denies that the moon is the principal cause of the tides and their locations. Just as surely the moon locates our rains and snows. This feature of our weather forecast system is not yet fully worked out but, in a general way, the indications are that September will bring heavier than usual rains from Gulf of California to New Mexico along our southwestern borders with moderate rains on New England coasts and dry elsewhere on this continent and in South America. For October the principal rains will be east of the Andes in South America. November will bring principal rains to our southeastern states and to northern South America west of Andes. November is a principal crop month in South America and they will get a drouth.

The crop season will soon begin operations in South America and we propose to give some attention to South American cropweather because their crops affect our markets.

It may be that too many investigations of New Haven wreck will be as inadequate as none. In some instances there is too much division of authority.

Canadian justice does not halt for petty squabbling of the lawyers. It is swift and, as far as we can see, reasonably equable.

YANKEES CAPTURE THIRD CUP RACE

German Sonders Appear to Have but Little Show

The Sprig scored a clean-cut victory for the Americans and made a tie for the President and Governor cup with the Ellen and Cima in the sonder races at Marblehead, Mass.

The three American boats have each won a race in three days' racing, and the Germans must win the next race or be eliminated altogether.

As Designer Drewitz of the German sonder Wittelsbach put it after the race, tells the story:

"The crews of the American sonders have been sailing boats since they were boys. Look at the lads around here sailing boats. We don't begin until we are over 20. That is the answer."

AS AN INDEPENDENT

Gaynor Accepts Renomination For Mayor of New York

Three thousand persons, representing forty political organizations, marched to New York city hall, with six brass bands, and acclaimed Mayor Gaynor as an independent nominee to succeed himself.

J. H. Schiff, R. R. Appleton and Herman Ridder made the nominating speeches. In accepting the nomination the mayor attacked Tammany.

A 24-story hotel, to contain 1800 rooms and represent an investment of $2,500,000, is to be erected in Times square, New York. The site has been purchased for $8,750,000 cash.

Secretary Bryan states that his $500,000 worth of property is nonproductive. If Mr. Bryan is that sort of farmer he has reason for hustling at other jobs.

In addition to going into the banking business it is probable that Uncle Sam will soon start a string of chicken farms.

If the choice is between Tammany and Sulzer the majority of New Yorkers will feel like taking to the Adirondacks.

Weekly Almanac.

SEPTEMBER 1913 — STANDARD TIME

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High Water Morn	High Water Eve
6 Sat	5 16	6 12	9 19	11 50	
7 Sun	5 17	6 10	10 03	0 26	12 53
8 Mon	5 18	6 03	10 59	1 31	2 00
9 Tues	5 19	6 03	mo'n	2 41	3 07
10 Wed	5 20	6 05	0 01	3 50	4 07
11 Thur	5 21	6 03	1 07	4 44	4 59
12 Fri	5 22	6 01	2 13	5 30	5 45

First Quarter, 7th day, 5h, 06m., morning
Full Moon, 15th day 7h 43m., morning
Last Quarter, 23d day 7h 30m., morning
New Moon, 29th day 1h 57m evening

Deaths.

In this city, 30th ult., John Tuckson.

In this city, 2d inst., William H. Freeman, at his residence, 82 Fair street.

In Portsmouth, 30th ult., at her residence, East Main road, Catherine, widow of Levi Cory.

In Providence, 1st inst., Lucy H., widow of George N. Annain, in her 89th year.

In Providence, 2d inst., Emma Williams widow of Charles C. Henry, in her 75th year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements Houses Furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT

62 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R.I

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1858. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

Through the Wilds

Down the Allagash

(205 Miles by Canoe)

It is one of the wonder vacations of the world
You go by train to Moosehead Lake away down in the

WILDS OF MAINE

There you get your camp supplies, and guides, white or Indian. The next morning you're off for 200 miles through the forest scenery of unimaginable beauty—still water, quick water, rapids, waterfalls. You cross nine exquisite, lonely lakes—Chesuncook, Umbazookus, Mud, Chamberlain, Eagle, Churchill, Umsaskis, Long, Round—and so into the Allagash River, into the St. John, to Fort Kent on the Canadian border. (Get out your map.)

You come out brown and happy and made over in body and nerves.

Two weeks are ample for the trip and the cost is small.

Send for FREE BOOKLET. Address VACATION BUREAU, Room 155, South Station, Boston.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad

Handing One to Father.

They have a wise ten-year-old boy in an east end family, and some of his sayings are really worth peddling. At least, his father thinks they are, or he wouldn't tell this one.

The other day the youngster approached the father and stared at him for some time.

"Daddy," he finally said, "you think mamma is the most beautiful person you ever saw, don't you?"

"Of course," replied the father, with great promptness.

Again the boy scrutinized his parent.

"Gee, daddy," he finally said, "it's an awful pity she can't say the same about you, ain't it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Crabshaw—When the woman next door returned after being away a week her husband was just contemptible enough to say that he hadn't missed her. Crabshaw—I don't suppose he did. He had the talking machine going all the time.—Judge.

"Pa, what does 'c-o-n-v-e-r-s-a-z-i-o-n-e' mean?"

"That is merely an Italian word for a little chin music, son. Now, run along and play."

Notice

Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a.m. and 3 p.m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE R. WELLINGTON, Clerk.

-15

Newport Casino

Concerts every Sunday evening beginning at 8 o'clock.

Admission to the grounds during the concert

25 cts.

DR. PERCY S. SENIOR

(B. A., M. B. B. Ch., D. P. H., M. D., Cambridge.)

Specialist in Diseases of Women

WILL ATTEND

TWICE WEEKLY in NEWPORT

22 years experience, principally in London.

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BEST SEEDS

Come to Our Place

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BODIES HURLED THROUGH AIR

Twenty-One Lives Lost In New Haven Road Wreck

FIFTY PERSONS ARE INJURED

Two Pullman Cars Literally Reduced to Merest Kindling Wood as White Mountain Express Plunges Into Second Section of Bar Harbor Express—Antiquated Cars and Equipment Figure in Latest Disaster in Connecticut, Which Occurs During Fog—Sombre Greeting to Elliott on First Working Day as President of the System

Twenty-one persons are dead and fifty injured in the most terrible of the long series of wrecks on the New Haven road.

Wooden cars, condemned signals and careless operation again plunged many souls into eternity when the first section of the White Mountain express, plunging through the fog at forty miles an hour, ripped through two sleeping cars of the second section of the Bar Harbor express at Miller's crossing, near North Haven.

The death list follows: William C. Altschul, Norfolk; Miss Margaret Armstrong, Washington; Miss Harriet Biddle, Torresdale, Pa.; Miss Maria L. Bullitt, Philadelphia; Miss Emilie Kennedy Davis, Philadelphia; Samuel Crozer Fox, Philadelphia; Albert Green, New York; Royal A. Hotchkiss, New Haven; Philo Hotchkiss, his brother; Harry K. Izani, New York; George T. Koga, New York; Howard F. Martin, Bryn Mawr, Pa.; Mrs. H. F. Martin, Bryn Mawr, Pa.; Dr. James B. Marvin, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. James B. Marvin, Louisville, Ky.; Martha H. Marvin, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin; Daniel Neal McMullan, Overbrook, Philadelphia; Frank P. Rutter, Scranton, Pa.; Mrs. Frank P. Rutter, Scranton, Pa.; Robert P. Yahn, Philadelphia; Mary Jane ———, about 55 years of age.

A Terrible Scene

Frightful screams arose from the dying, pinned in the wreckage. Bodies were hurled more than 100 feet through the air by the force of the collision. Pushed on by the weight of seven heavy coaches, the locomotive of the White Mountain express crashed through the rear cars of the other train as though they were pasteboard and tilted the third sleeper until it fell upon its side.

Fog spread like a pall over Long Island sound and rolled inland for miles. Yet the White Mountain express tore on at forty miles an hour, until it was within 100 feet of the Bar Harbor train. New Haven officials say that at the speed the train was making it could not have been stopped within 1500 feet.

Engineer Miller of the White Mountain express and Rear Brakeman Murray of the wrecked train were ordered held without bail by Coroner Mix late last night.

Third Wreck in a Year

It was the third serious wreck which the New Haven has suffered within a year, and inaugurated the first day of the regime of Howard Elliott, the newly elected head of the road. Elliott, returning from his summer home in New Hampshire to assume his duties, passed over the scene of the wreck on an earlier train, less than an hour before.

Both more than an hour late, the two trains passed Wallingford, three miles north of the scene of the accident, eight minutes apart. Eight minutes ahead of them was the first section of the Bar Harbor express, and a local train, due to stop at North Haven, three miles south of the wreck, led them all.

Under the rules of the road, according to the officials, an engineer may pass a "banjo" signal set at red after he has brought his train to a stop. This, according to the railroad officials, the engineer of the Bar Harbor express did, and then came to another stop about 100 feet on the other side of the signal, a mile north of North Haven.

Disaster on Straight Track

This opened the signal in the previous block, a mile away, and down a stretch of track, straight as an arrow, plunging through the thick fog, came the White Mountain express, with the impetus of seven cars, baggage, daycoach and five sleepers behind the engine. Meantime Flagman Murray of the Bar Harbor train had gone back with the torpedoes, a distance, it was said, of 400 feet. The torpedoes went off, according to the officials of the road and some of the train crew. Then came the crash.

According to Vice President Whaley of the New Haven, it would not have been possible at the speed the train was making for Miller to have stopped his train within 1500 feet after he saw the signal. The engineer did not see it, he says, until he was almost upon it, or scarcely more than 100 feet from the rear of the Bar Harbor express, and at the same moment heard the torpedoes. Had the semaphore system been in operation, Whaley said, Miller would have got a "caution signal" in the previous block, a mile away, and the wreck would have been avoided.

Passengers in both trains were asleep when the collision occurred.

The White Mountain engine, No. 1237, twin of the new Pacific super-heated locomotive that figured in the Stamford wreck of last June, plowed through the two sleepers of the Bar Harbor as if they had been as much paper mache. In the forward cars of the Bar Harbor train, which consisted of eleven sleepers, there was panic among the passengers, but the White Mountain came to a stop so gradually, comparatively speaking, that many of its passengers scarcely realized that anything serious had happened.

Photo by American Press Association.

CHARLES C. McCHORD

Interstate Commerce Commissioner is Investigating Wreck

For several minutes after the first shock there was silence, the passengers said, and then sounded the screams of the wounded. Passengers from both trains turned out to the work of rescue. They found most of the dead and injured strown on both sides of the track; there were few in the wreckage.

The terrific force of the engine had literally reduced the two Pullmans to the merest kindling wood, and the bodies of the passengers, instead of being buried in the wreckage, fell upon it or were hurled entirely clear of it, over a fence into a watermelon patch. The vestibule of one Pullman, sitting beside the pilot of the locomotive, and the vestibule of the other, tossed into the ditch, were the only parts of the two cars not completely demolished. The wreckage was burned by the railroad company.

Engineer and Flagman Held

August B. Miller, engineer of the White Mountain express, and Charles H. Murray, flagman of the Bar Harbor express, were formally placed under arrest by Coroner Mix, charged with having "criminally caused the death of of Royal H. Hotchkiss," one of the victims of the disaster.

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

A strong undulatory earthquake lasting six seconds, caused the populace of Messina to abandon their homes and flee to the open spaces.

Frank Moran, heavyweight, knocked out Al Palzer in the seventh round of their scheduled ten-round bout at New York.

Richard O'Keefe, 35, a New Haven road fireman, fell from the cab of his engine while passing through a Boston station and landed on his head. He died in a few minutes.

After he had finished second in a motorcycle race Dan Morrison was thrown and died while being rushed to a hospital at Montgomery, Ala.

Spreading rails caused the wreck of a passenger train near Maynard, Ia. Three persons were killed and thirty-five others were injured.

The sentence of Maury I. Diggs, convicted of violating the Mann white slave law, was deferred until Sept. 10.

Nine persons lost their lives and six were injured when the boilers of the towboat Alice exploded at Cincinnati.

An initiation ceremony was conducted on the upper lock of the Panama canal at Miraflores under the auspices of the visiting Shriners of Osman temple, St. Paul.

Earl Kenmare's fine seat, Killarney House, Killarney, County Kerry, was destroyed by fire. It was built thirty years ago at a cost of $1,000,000.

Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide has resigned from the position of special commissioner of Catholic activities and events of the Panama-Pacific international exposition.

A scandal in the French army of wide scope was scented when it was reported that Sergeant Dieu is under arrest, charged with having sold to Austria the plans of the latest French gun.

Theodore Roosevelt's guests at Sagamore Hill suffered more loss than their host and his family, is the belief of the squads of detectives seeking to find the unrecovered part of the loot taken by a thief who carried off, among other things, a fob which was one of the owner's most highly prized possessions.

William Laubenstein, who personally prepared the magazine and aided in exploding it under the rebel forts at Petersburg, Va., preceding a union advance, died at Shamokin, Pa.

VOTE TO END STRIKE

Blower Works Employes Return to Work on Foss' Terms

The strike of the 1200 workers in the Sturtevant Blower Works at Hyde Park, Mass., is over as the result of a vote taken in a fiercely contested meeting of the strikers.

The men who comprise six-sevenths of the whole number out will present themselves at the plant to go to work according to the offer made by Governor Foss two weeks ago.

The 200 strikers at the Becker machine shop will not return to work. They fought out the matter and decided not to accept the terms of settlement offered by the company.

According to the offer made by Foss the strikers get no guaranteed concessions excepting his word that the better class of workmen will be paid more money.

PRESIDENT'S SALARY IS $36,000 A YEAR

Other Boston Elevated Officials Have Fat Pay Envelopes

The salaries paid to Boston Elevated road officials were made public when John P. Feeney, chief counsel for the carmen, announced them to the special board of arbitration, despite the request of lawyers for the road, when they presented the list, that he keep the amounts secret. The salaries as read by Feeney are as follows:

President Bancroft, $36,000; First Vice President Sergeant, $20,000; Second Vice President Brush, $15,000; Treasurer Wilson, $12,000; General Auditor Neal, $7500; Secretary Prendergast, $10,000; Clerk Lyons, $10,000; General Counsel Wardwell, $25,000; General Attorney Sears, $15,000.

Bancroft, Prendergast, J. L. Richards and R. L. Winsor, who comprise the executive committee, are paid $10 for each meeting they attend.

According to counsel for the Elevated the salaries of the officials were cut last November when the road failed to earn a dividend.

ALL FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Three Maine Candidates For Congress Are on Record

Every one of the three candidates for congress from the Third Maine district has pledged himself to support the constitutional amendment for equal suffrage.

Edward M. Lawrence, Progressive, and William R. Pattangall, Democrat, have written to Washington, declaring their sympathy with the votes-for-women movement. John A. Peters, Republican, voted last winter for the bill granting woman suffrage in Maine.

Panic in Comb Factory Fire

Sixty women and men were in a panic when fire broke out at the Paton comb factory, Leominster, Mass. Emergency doors and fire escapes helped the people in getting out in safety, while many jumped out of the windows. Several received minor injuries. The fire was caused by a spark igniting a pile of celluloid.

Assignment of Shoe Firm

Harney Brothers company, shoe manufacturers, East Boston, assigned for the benefit of their creditors. No mention of the liabilities or assets were made in the assignment.

NEW ENGLAND GLEANINGS

Attempting a tobacco smoke trick under water cost Stephen Griffin, 21 years old, his life at Calais, Me.

Peter McGovern, 49 years old, was drowned at Providence. McGovern fell off a wharf.

Stanilaus Stokowski, 25, mutilated himself with a table knife at Brockton, Mass. His sanity will be examined.

Directors of the New England Milk Producers' association have decided to ask for an increase for their milk, and to notify the Boston milk contractors to that effect.

The airship of Charles Baysdorfer suddenly fell 200 feet to the ground while the aviator was giving an exhibition flight around the fair grounds at Northfield, Vt. Baysdorfer was pinned under the wrecked machine and seriously injured, but will recover.

Nicholas Coppola died from two stab wounds in his back, and Gaetano Agreste is dying from two bullet wounds in his breast, as the result of a street shooting and stabbing affair that took place in the heart of the Italian colony at Haverhill, Mass.

Launched without a name and merely designated by the official letter indicating the class to which she belongs and the number showing her numerical position in that class, the largest submarine yet sent down the ways at Quincy, Mass., for the service of the United States was formally christened with a bottle of wine.

C. C. Anderson, 32, a special officer in the employ of the Boston Elevated, was struck by a surface car at Medford, Mass., and tossed onto the outbound tracks where another car pinned him beneath the trucks. He was dead when extricated.

Mrs. Catherine Caswell, wife of Chief of Police Caswell of Narragansett Pier, R. I., was almost instantly killed when she fell down a flight of stairs at her home and struck her head on the concrete floor of the basement.

Daniel McDonald and Frank Clements were sentenced at Lynn, Mass., to one year and two months each on charges of white slavery brought out in the testimony of Mrs. May Coughlin; 20 years old.

Mrs. J. W. Ross, her daughter Jessie and two passengers were seriously injured and a chauffeur killed, when their auto skidded on the East Montpelier, Vt., road and turned turtle.

Miss Loretta Lowe of Quincy, Mass., was killed and her three companions in an automobile ride were injured in an accident near Camden, Me. Miss Lowe was a waitress at a summer hotel at Rockland.

000.

Burglars broke into the home of James B. Wainwright, a New York broker, at Hyannis, Mass., and stole $6000 in jewelry and money. Although $600 in cash was taken from under Wainwright's pillow, he did not awake.

Elected President of American Bar Association by Acclamation

Ex-President Taft was elected president of the American Bar association at the close of the annual meeting.

The name of Professor Taft was the only one submitted for the presidency and a great cheer broke out when it was announced that he had been elected by acclamation.

THAW IS RUSHED TO THE BORDER

To Be Thrust Across as an Undesirable Citizen

IS DECLARED A FREE MAN

Beginning of End of Refuge in Canada Comes With Dramatic Swiftness—Action of Immigration Officials Expected to Speedily Land Fugitive Back in Matteawan Asylum

Harry K. Thaw, pried out of the Sherbrooke, Que., jail on a writ of habeas corpus obtained by William T. Jeromo, enjoyed three minutes of liberty and was then seized by the dominion immigration authorities and hustled by automobile to Coaticook, on the border.

A special board of inquiry will at once sit on his case, and he may be soon thrust across the Vermont border as an undesirable alien. His lawyers have planned no procedure to resist extradition to New York, and the belief is current that before many hours Thaw will be back in Matteawan asylum for the criminal insane, from which he escaped on Aug. 17.

The beginning of the end of Thaw's refuge in Canada came with dramatic swiftness. A writ of habeas corpus, sued out at the direction of Jeromo, with John Boudreau, chief of police of this village, as petitioner, was sustained by Matthew Hutchinson, superior judge of the district of St. Francis, sitting in chambers at Sherbrooke.

Stolid, pallid, numb, Thaw sat not five feet from the judge as he read. When, in the very last paragraph, the court declared him a free man, whether he desired liberty or not, Thaw seemed to crumple up on the lounge where he sat.

But he did not rise. W. W. McKeown of his counsel leaned over and, patting him on the shoulder, whispered. Thaw raised his big staring eyes and stood up. Immigration officers in the room, headed by E. H. Robertson, assistant superintendent, moved near him, and then Thaw began slowly to move to the door. At the threshold Roberston said simply:

"Come with us, Mr. Thaw." And without a word except a hoarse goodbye to the reporters, Thaw obeyed.

Five minutes later a gray roadster streaked away from the courthouse. In the pack sent was Thaw. He had not even been given time to pack his scanty belongings and voluminous correspondence in his cell. In an hour he was back in Coaticook, guarded in the immigration detention room by two stalwart dominion police. None but counsel was allowed to see him.

The twenty-two-mile trip was without special incident. Behind Thaw trailed his defeated lawyers. W. L. Shurtleff, the first to arrive, issued this statement:

"If they have doctors all ready to pronounce Thaw insane, as I am informed they have, there is almost no hope of preventing his immediate deportation. I believe if we could find a way to get the case into the courts we would have a good chance to prove this immigration act unconstitutional."

Dr. Kieb, superintendent of Matteawan, followed Mr. Jerome and will doubtless be called to testify as to Thaw's detention in an institution for the insane.

A quick verdict is expected. The New York authorities have arranged everything on the other side of the border, even down to distributing deputy sheriffs and automobiles. It would not surprise Thaw's lawyers, if he, once across the line, were put bodily into a car and headed straight for the New York line.

Patching Rubber.

To mend rubber use soft kid from an old glove and paste the patch to the gum with automobile paste. The leather adheres better to the gum than a gum patch.

FACE BROKE OUT IN RED SPOTS

Blotchy All Over. Became Scaly. Scratched Until Made Them Bleed. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Face and Head Cured.

24 Gilbert St., New Britain, Conn.—"My little boy's face used to get awful red and sometimes when I used to wash it it would bleed. Then it got blotchy all over and was horrid looking. His face broke out in red spots and then became scaly. He used to scratch them until he would make them bleed. Then his head started to break out. He was restless at night and complained of his face being sore. His head was all little cuts from scratching it.

"So I thought I would send for a sample of the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I only used them for a few days when there was such a change in his looks. His face began to get clear. When the sample was gone I got one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment. I washed his face with the Cuticura Soap and warm water every night and morning and applied the Cuticura Ointment for four weeks and his face was cured. I got another cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and was only using them for two weeks and they made his scalp nice and clean. His head was cured." (Signed) Mrs. Isabelle Gurenther, May 26, 1913.

For treating poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have been the world's favorite for more than a generation. A single set is often sufficient. Sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

☞Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

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LITTLE RHODY'S BIG FAIR

Rhode Island's Only Fair • New England's Best Fair

SEPT. 16. 17. 18. 19

TUES., SEPT. 16 The Day to See the BIG EXHIBITS

WED., SEPT. 17 GRANGE DAY Members of National Force

THURS. SEPT. 18 GOVERNOR'S DAY

FRIDAY, SEPT. 19 CHILDREN'S DAY All Children under 16 Years ADMITTED FREE

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FAST RACING EVERY AFTERNOON SPLENDID TRACK

PREMIUMS AND PURSES ALL GREATLY INCREASED

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THE BUSINESS MAN'S BANK.

This Bank is, and will continue to be, the business man's bank of Newport.

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The railroad system of New England is aptly called "the neighborhood railroad".

BECAUSE:—

65,000 of your neighbors own it's stock.

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This means that 38,000,000 dollars are distributed by this one industry to your neighbors.

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Think what this means for YOUR business!

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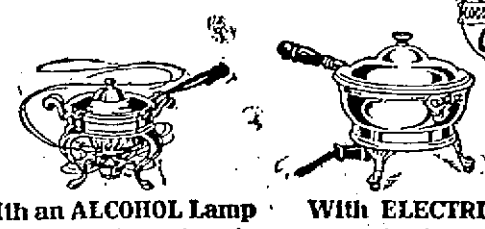


With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

Perfectly Safe.

"Of course," said the lady to the druggist, "it may be perfectly harmless, just as you say; but then, you know there has been so much exposure of patent medicines and such goods that I—"

"My dear madam," interrupted the druggist, "I beg to assure you in the strongest terms that you need not apprehend any—"

"I know; but I read in one magazine where lots of people had acquired the drink and drug habits through using such remedies, and—"

"Impossible in this case. Why you can see for yourself that—"

"Will you give me your word of honor that it contains no alcohol?"

"I would swear it on a stack of Bibles," answered the druggist.

"Then I'll take it."

And the druggist wrapped up the porous plaster for her.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

"This is an interesting moving picture of frog culture."

"Yes, and if it were a talking moving picture, we might even hear the frog's creak."

HOW A MOTOR "TALKS."

The Sympathy That May Come Between the Animate and Inanimate.

"One day my chauffeur was taken ill, and I drove myself in, left the car standing in a side street during the day, and drove home at night," said a suburbanite, "Then, for the first time, I began to sense the feeling of mutuality or mutual sympathy, if such an expression may be permitted between animate and inanimate things, between the machine and myself. Several trips by myself confirmed the sensation; then I bought another car for the family and now drive myself regularly in this one.

"I have often thought of the stories told by locomotive engineers in which their great engines are endowed with almost mental faculties. There are enough of them to fill a book, but I never considered them seriously until I began with this car. Sometimes the engine sings; sometimes it purs. I know its 'sing' and its 'purr.' If anything is the matter with it it tells it in a language entirely intelligible to me. It responds to my lightest touch in all its functions, but once," and here his voice became grave, "it refused to run into an unlighted ditch where I was trying to steer it. I looked for half an hour for the trouble with the steering apparatus, but could find nothing wrong."—Suburban Life.

INSTINCT IN PLANTS.

Actions That Seem to Indicate Some Sort of Nervous System.

Plants sometimes appear to possess reasoning power. Charles Darwin instanced the case of the rootlet, which, piercing its way through the soil and detecting a stone or lump of hard clay in its path, will go round it without touching it. "How does the rootlet or plant know that the stone is there?" he asks. "Certainly it cannot see it and as it does not touch it cannot feel it. The avoidance therefore seems to be in the nature of perception of some kind which is a mental operation."

The species of mimosa known as the sensitive plant will contract its leaves even at the sound of a footstep, and when such a plant is being transplanted it crumples up during the process in such a way that it really appears to be suffering from fear. Afterward it recovers and resumes its ordinary mode of life.

Plants undoubtedly possess consciousness of a kind which enables them to carry out certain operations necessary to their preservation, and this can only be done through the possession of some sort of nervous system.—London Standard.

Disraeli's Nuptial Joke.

There was a little joke between them (Disraeli and his wife) which I heard from the late dean of Salisbury. "You know I married you for your money," Disraeli would say to her. "Oh, yes, but if you were to marry me again you would marry me for love," was the regular reply. "Oh, yes!" her husband would exclaim, and the little nuptial comedy ended.

But what Disraeli said to Bernal Osborne once about his marriage is much better worth the telling. It was at a dinner party after dinner when the men were alone. "What did you marry her for?" Osborne asked in his characteristic way. Disraeli twiddled his wineglass in the pause that followed this point blank inquiry. Then he lifted his head slowly and looked the other very expressively in the face. "For a reason," he said, "which you could never understand—gratitude."—From "Lord Beaconsfield and Other Tory Memories."

Wagner's Music.

By the study of Wagner's masterpieces a glimpse of the eternal is had, and once the vision of his truth fills the soul counterfeits are detected instinctively. The polyphony of Bach and the music of "Die Meistersinger" prove the spiritual kinship of Wagner with the founder of modern music. A Beethoven symphony and the "Tristan und Isolde" music demonstrate the common genealogy of the composer from Bonn and the maker of music dramas, but listen to the Strauss music from "Salome" when the prophet is being murdered in the well and then hear the mighty tone structure of the last scene from "Gotterdaemmerung" and observe that Strauss shrieks while Wagner chants.—San Francisco Call.

The Coach and Four Came.

Among the many records of Harrow school is that of a boy, the son of a poor local tradesman in a very small way of business. His schoolfellows often taunted him about his family poverty. Their thoughtless jeers, although hurting his feelings, drew from the lad the retort, "I intend before I die to ride in a coach and four." The years sped by, and, lo and behold, the poverty stricken youngster of Harrow had developed into Dr. Parr, the greatest scholar of his time, whose customary and favorite means of locomotion was a coach and four!—London Mail.

Came Near It.

A New England farmer was once describing in the presence of a very humane person the great age and debility of a horse that he formerly owned and used. "You ought to have killed him," interrupted the humane person indignantly. "Well," drawled the farmer, "we did—almost."

When the Cake Is Done.

It should pull from the sides of the pan.

Should not stick to a toothpick when it is put into the center.

It should spring back in place when the finger is pressed on the top.—Woman's World.

Compensation.

"Bobby, won't you be a good boy and go to Sunday school this morning?"

"Mamma, will you let me skip my bath if I do?"—Chicago Tribune.

All faults may be forgiven of him who has perfect candor.

INSECT ANAESTHETICS.

Wasps and Beetles Paralyze Their Victims Before Killing.

That the sting of the wasp, which punctures the nerve centers of a captured caterpillar or spider, usually paralyzes the creature into helplessness rather than kills it is well known. The victim remains alive in the burrow or cell in which the wasp stores it as food for the larva which will emerge from the egg laid in the same cell. Therefore the newly hatched grub finds ready for it a provision of living meat instead of decayed carrion.

That "wizard" among entomologists, the venerable Fabre, has discovered a similar yet even more extraordinary fact in the history of the glowworm beetle (lampyris—namely, that it anaesthetizes the prey upon which it itself feeds, so that it may consume it at leisure and predigested. This beetle, whose brilliant phosphorescence attracts the eye in the dusk of the summer evenings, habitually hunts and seizes upon a certain small snail in order to eat it.

The curious thing is that the beetle anaesthetizes the mollusk at the first attack, preventing it from escaping by withdrawing to safety deep within its shell. Upon finding the snail the beetle dashes forward and, thrusting out its sharp, curved mandibles, repeatedly stabs the side of the body of its prey. After a few punctures the snail becomes insensible and remains in that deadened state for three or four hours—a time more than sufficient for the beetle to complete its meal.—Independent.

CAUGHT THE CAPTAIN.

He Was Not on the Early Morning Job, but the Kaiser Was.

Some time ago the kaiser heard that a captain in one of the guards regiments at Potsdam had fixed the regulation hour of schooling for his men at 6 o'clock in the morning. The kaiser, though doubting the fitness of such an early hour for the lesson and the ability of a popular young officer to keep up to this rather exacting standard of early rising, said nothing, but one day walked into the barrack room at 6 o'clock.

The captain was not there, but the emperor showed neither annoyance nor surprise. He asked where the lesson was to be found in the books, and without more ado, to the mingled anxiety and delight of the men, he took the lesson in hand and explained the passage in history which was the subject of the day. It was nearly 7 o'clock when the captain showed himself. The kaiser returned his salute and made no allusion to his crestfallen countenance, but handed him the lesson book after pointing out how far the class had got and then left the room.

Nothing more was said or heard about the incident until a few days later, when the captain received a handsome alarm clock, evidently from the kaiser. What the officer wrote in his letter of thanks for the gift is not recorded.—"Ireland's Own."

A Strenuous Statesman.

Charles James Fox, the English statesman and sport, had wagered something about a waistcoat which could only be obtained in Paris; went off to Dover by night, caught the mail packet, posted to Paris and back to Calais, and remembered he had a horse racing at Newmarket. He chartered a fishing boat bound for the eastern counties, just got to Newmarket in time for the race, took the post back to London and stopped on the way to dine. In the middle of the dinner he was caught by a special messenger who had been tearing over half of England in search of him and reminded that he had to move to bring in a marriage bill in the house of commons. He rushed to the stables, reached the house in time to make a brilliant speech in reply to North and Burke and defeated North on a division by a single vote.

Almost Recognized.

Dinah was a product of New Orleans, a big, plump "yaller gal" who could cook the finest dinners for miles around. One day a new butler appeared upon the scene, and Dinah's mistress noticed that she took a great interest in the man. At last her mistress could stand her curiosity no longer and asked:

"Dinah, do you know that new man?"

Dinah took another long and scrutinizing look and then slowly and reminiscently replied:

"Well, I dunno, Miss Alice, but I think he was ma fust husband!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Toboga Island.

Famed for its unfailing springs of pure, sparkling water, the island of Toboga lies about ten miles from the city of Panama, in the Pacific. Here the mail steamers plying between Balboa and San Francisco lie by for their supply of fresh water, as do also the steamers that sail southward from Panama. The island is also famous for its splendid pineapples.

Preoccupied.

The professor had fallen downstairs, and as he thoughtfully picked himself up he remarked, "I wonder what noise that was I just heard?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Just Rebuke.

"Is life worth living?"

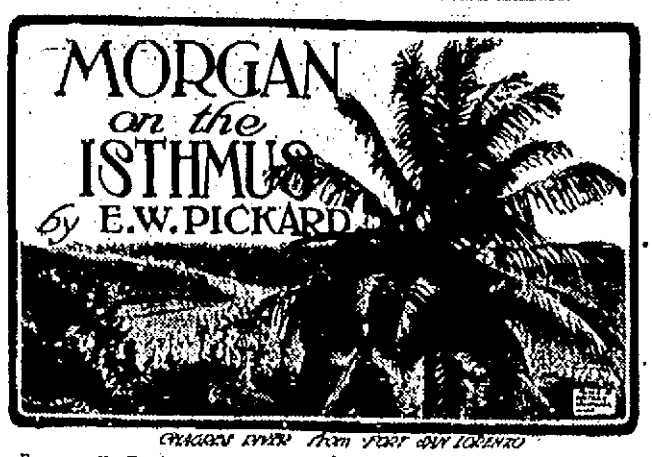
"Not if you have nothing better to occupy your mind than such questions as that!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

I know a little girl so swell
That I love to behold her.
And I am sure that she's a belle,
For I have often told her.
—Boston Record.

"I don't think Mrs. Nurich will find accommodations where she wants to go for the summer."

"Why not?"

"She says she longs to sojourn on the banks of the gulf stream, of which she has heard so much."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



Panama from Fort San Lorenzo

Panama, R. P.—It is not given to many men to destroy a city so utterly that it is never rebuilt. That is what Capt. John Morgan, the master buccaneer, did in 1671, when he led his band of cutthroats down from the hills upon Panama. After he had finished with that big, flourishing city there was so little left of it that the Spanish moved five miles west along the coast and there built a new Panama—the Panama we know today.

The story of Morgan's justly famous exploit, often told, never grows stale. It is a wonderful story of desperate bravery, endurance, suffering and ruthless cruelty, and as John Esquemeling was the first to relate it in detail, so he has been the best. Howard Pyle has well said: "In the case of the Esquemeling history, it should be decidedly hands off. One touch of the modern brush would destroy the whole tone of dim colors of the past made misty by the lapse of time."

So I wish I had space to quote the entire story of Morgan and Panama as Esquemeling, who was one of the band, tells it. Some of it, at least, must be given in his quaint language, beginning with the capture by a part of Morgan's fleet of Fort San Lorenzo at the mouth of the Chagres river. Says Esquemeling:

"Captain Brodely being made commander, in three days after his departure (from St. Catherine's) arrived in sight of the said castle of Chagre, by the Spaniards called St. Lawrence. This castle is built on a high mountain at the entry of the river, surrounded by strong palisadoes, or wooden walls, filled with earth, which secures them as well as the best wall of stone or brick. The top of this mountain is, in a manner, divided into two parts, between which is a ditch thirty feet deep. The castle hath but one entry, and that by a drawbridge over this ditch. To the land it has four bastions, and to the sea two more. The south part is totally inaccessible, through the ruggedness of the mountain. The north is surrounded by the river, which here is very broad. At the foot of the castle, or rather mountain, is a strong fort, with eight great guns, commanding the entry of the river. Not much lower are two other batteries, each of six pieces, to defend likewise the mouth of the river. . . .

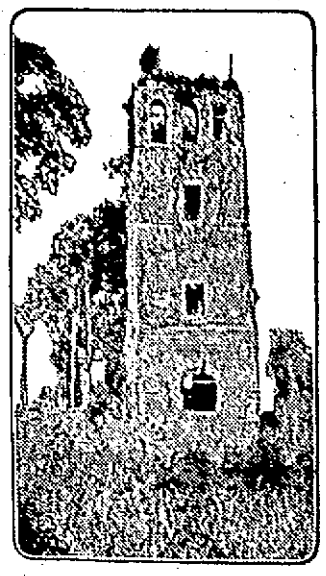
"No sooner had the Spaniards perceived the pirates, but they fired incessantly at them with the biggest of their guns. They came to an anchor in a small port about a league from the castle. Next morning, very early, they went ashore and marched through the woods to attack the castle on that side. This march lasted till two of the clock in the afternoon, before they could reach the castle, by reason of the difficulties of the way, and its mire and dirt; and though their guides served them very exactly, yet they came so nigh the castle at first that they lost many of their men by its shot, they being in an open place without covert."

The pirates bravely assaulted the castle, sword in one hand and fireball in the other, but were repulsed with heavy loss. Renewing the attack under cover of darkness, "there happened a very remarkable accident which occasioned their victory. One of the pirates being wounded with an arrow in his back, which pierced his body through, he pulled it out boldly at the side of his breast, and winding a little cotton about it, he put it into his musket, and shot it back to the castle, but the cotton being kindled by the powder, fired two or three houses in the castle, being thatched with palm leaves, which the Spaniards perceived not so soon as was necessary; for this fire meeting with a parcel of powder, blew it up, thereby causing great ruin, and no less consternation to the Spaniards, who were not able to put a stop to it."

Full advantage was taken of this by the buccaneers, and they set fire to the palings and gained a foothold within them, despite "many flaming pots full of combustible matter, and odious smells, which destroyed many of the English." All next morning the fight raged, but about noon the English gained a breach through which they fought their way to the heart of the castle. "The Spaniards who remained alive cast themselves down from the castle into the sea, choosing rather to die thus (few or none surviving the fall) than to ask quarter for their lives. The governor himself retreated to the corps du guard, before which were placed two pieces of cannon; here he still defended himself, not demanding any quarter, till he was killed with a musket shot in the head."

In a few days Captain Morgan arrived with the rest of his fleet and organized the expedition against Panama. He took his m[illegible] by boat up the Chagres as far as Cruces, now a village not two miles from the canal, and there landed them for the overland march. Leaving 160 men with the boats, he started through the jungle with about a thousand. For days they struggled on, suffering intensely for lack of food, for the Spaniards and Indians had destroyed the villages and crops along the way. At one point they found a number of leathern bags, and "made a huge banquet" upon them. At another a few sacks of meal, some plantains and several jars of wine were discovered in a cave. On the sixth day, after leaving Cruces "ascending a high mountain, they discovered the South sea. This happy sight, as it it were the end of their labors, caused infinite joy among them." Then they came to a vale, where they found plenty of cattle, and their period of starvation came to an end with a monstrous feast. "Cutting the flesh into convenient pieces or gobbets, they threw them into the fire and, half carbonaded or roasted, they devoured them, with incredible haste and appetite; such was their hunger, as they more resembled cannibals than Europeans; the blood many times running down their beards to their waists."

That evening the pirate band came in sight of Panama, and pitched their camp, which was ineffectually bombarded all night by the guns of the city. Next day Captain Morgan led his thousand bold men down the hillside and confronted the forces of the governor of Panama, consisting of two squadrons of horse, four regiments of foot and a huge number of wild bulls driven by Indians. The Spaniards began the battle, but their horse were useless, owing to the softness of the ground. The foot were held in check by the fire of the pirates, so the wild bulls were driven forward but, frightened by the noise of the conflict, the animals ran away. After two hours of fighting the surviving Spaniards fled within the city walls. Six hundred of their comrades lay dead upon the field. Morgan at once attacked



"Morgan's Tower," Old Panama.

the city, and though the defense was desperate, many of the pirates being killed, Panama fell within three hours.

What Morgan did to the devoted inhabitants in the effort to find all their hidden treasure is too horrible to relate. Soon after the capture of the city fire broke out in many quarters, and Esquemeling says the conflagration was started by Morgan, though he laid the blame on the Spaniards. Anyway, as the houses were almost all built of cedar, the entire city was soon consumed by flames. Some three weeks later "Captain Morgan departed from Panama, or rather from the place where the city of Panama stood; of the spoils whereof he carried away with him 175 beasts of carriage laden with silver, gold and other precious things, besides about six hundred prisoners, men, women, children and slaves."

Of old Panama naught remains but the ruins of the cathedral, the tower of St. Stanislaus' church and the fragments of a few other stone and brick structures. For more than two centuries they have been buried in the jungle, but are now being brought to view by the efforts of the Panama government, which is having the undergrowth cleared away from the ruins.

The visitor to the isthmus should not fail to make the trip down the Chagres from Gatun to the sea, reversing Morgan's route. The scenery along the river is beautiful, and the great stretch of ocean beach—clean, hard, green and purple sand over which immense breakers roll—is ideal for bathing.

The massive walls of Fort San Lorenzo still stand on the hill at the mouth of the Chagres, and the heaps of cannon balls left by the Spaniards are yet there. In the dungeons of the castle are piles of rusted irons—the fetters which they hoped to fasten on the bodies and limbs of Morgan and his buccaneers.

"You can't," said the philosopher, "take from a thing without making it less."

"Oh, I don't know," the fool replied. "Have you ever tried taking a light from one candle with another?"

Many a fellow lays his heart at the feet of a girl who deliberately kicks a goal with it.

Tardy Arrival (at the concert)—Have I missed much? What are they playing now? One of the Elect)—The "Ninth Symphony." Tardy Arrival—Goodness! Am I so late as that?—Harper's Bazar.

"Your daughter has an angelic disposition."

"Yes; we always let her have her own way about everything."

BATTLES IN THE BLOOD.

Antitoxins Fight the Germs of Their Particular Disease.

When any animal has a certain disease its body produces large quantities of the particular antitoxin that will fight that disease. If the blood of this animal be introduced into another animal the latter will get the disease, but in a milder form, and will at the same time be stimulated to secrete large quantities of the antitoxin. It is now capable of resisting an attack by an army of powerful germs and becomes "immune" to the real disease.

If its blood be drawn and filtered to free it from red and white corpuscles the serum that is left is merely the watery part of the blood heavily charged with the antitoxins of that disease. This, injected into the blood of a person suffering from it, re-enforces the antitoxins already there and speedily routs the enemy by neutralizing the poisons that the toxic germs are liberating.

Serum is prepared in two ways—one by taking it from the blood of another animal, the other by a culture from the blood of the patient himself.

There are only one or two diseases that can be cured by medicine. In all others the medicine is given merely to stimulate the natural production of antitoxins. If we know how to make an antitoxin for every disease we should have no more use for medicine. The number of diseases for which antitoxins are being discovered is multiplying year by year. — New York World.

FRISKY SENATE PAGES.

They Are Great Mimics and Discuss Burlesque Legislation.

They are the greatest mimics in the world. They can take off the idiosyncrasies and humorous peculiarities of the senators to a "T."

Sometimes when the senate is not sitting and too many visitors and page bessés are not around to observe the proceedings the pages themselves go into a solemn senatorial session. One will impersonate the vice president, another the chief clerk, and so on. Various other boys will pretend to be either their favorite senators or the senators of home states. Each boy occupies the seat to which the real senator is entitled.

Bang! goes the vice president's gavel, and the extraordinary session of pages has convened. There is always an argument as to which senator shall be recognized when the regular order of business is reached. Every conceivable current subject is discussed, with a goodly sprinkling of "baseball legislation," which always carries with it a rider by which each page senator shall be entitled to an annual self renewing pass for all the season's games.

A bill which is almost sure to be introduced is one which proposes to increase the salaries of the pages and shorten their hours of duty.—Robert D. Heine in Leslie's Weekly.

Hit Them Both.

"You remember old Si Collins, what used to be around here last season, don't you?" remarked the station master at Seekonk.

"You mean the chap that always had a way of doing things differently from any one else?"

"That's the feller," replied the station master. "Well, he committed suicide 'bout a month ago."

"Why, that's terrible! But did he do that differently too?"

"Differently!" ejaculated the station master. "Why, I should say he did. Say, that feller went out and bought a couple of quarts of gasoline, drank her down, then lighted up his old clay pipe and started a-smoking. The folks hereabout wanted to have services held over the remains; but, Lor', all we ever found was a section of Si's old vest that somehow got ketched in a tree. Well, Si was bound to do things different."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Checking It Up to Father.

That parents should exercise the greatest care in speaking of family secrets in the presence of little children was proved by the experience of a North avenue resident recently:

The man in question was visiting a maiden aunt, who is extremely stout and very sensitive about it.

A four-year-old boy who accompanied his father looked very carefully at the rotund form of his relative and then inquired, with a friendly smile:

"Aunt Myrtle, you don't have to put ashes in the bed to keep from slipping out, do you?"

Then when the man held up his hands in consternation the youngster exclaimed:

"There, papa; she says she doesn't."—Youngstown Telegram.

Fun in Space.

I dreamed last night that I was present at a committee meeting of the sun, earth, moon and stars.

"I'm no coward," said the earth.

"No, but you have two great fears," said the sun hotly.

"And those are?"

"The hemispheres."

"You've forgotten the atmosphere," put in the moon. And the comet, who had no business to be there, wagged his tail with joy.

Two Serious Matters.

"There are two things," remarked Fog in a contemplative mood, "that I don't understand. One of these is, how the world got along before I came into it, and the other, how it is going to get along after I have left it."—London Opinion.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.—Fuller.

Shampoo Jelly.

Odd bits of soap when boiled make an excellent shampoo jelly.

New Zealand Flax.

New Zealand flax is one of a number of wild weeds that yield their gatherers great wealth. The flax, the strongest known, grows wild in marshes. When it is cultivated it dwindles and its fibers become brittle and valueless.

Profitable Roses.

Roses, though generally admired as the most beautiful flower, are not universally recognized as the profitable article of commerce that they really are. Trade roses are grown in various parts of Europe, but chiefly at Grasse, in France, and Kasanlik, in Bulgaria, where great stretches of rose gardens provide the chief supply of roses for the markets of the world. The highly cultivated roses are useless for commercial purposes, and both at Grasse and Kasanlik it is the cabbage rose that is chiefly grown—"the rose of a hundred petals," as they call it in southern France. The Grasse roses are used chiefly for pomades, soaps, rose water, and such commodities, and the demand made by the manufacturers of such on the rose growers of Grasse can be partly gauged from the fact that more than 2,500,000 pounds of roses are annually gathered in the district. Essence, or, as it is called, attar of roses, is rarely made in France, on account of the expense of production, but nearly all the Bulgarian roses are used for this purpose.

History Made by a Postage Stamp.

A postage stamp which played a part in history is told about by M. Bunau-Varilla in his book on the Panama canal. The incident occurred when the discussion over the relative merits of the Panama and Nicaragua routes was at its height. Bunau-Varilla had been working vigorously for the Panama route, making use of the two arguments of less cost and immunity from active volcanoes. One day he recalled that Nicaragua had issued a handsome stamp, showing a volcano in full activity. He at once sent to the dealers in foreign stamps in Washington, and obtained ninety of these stamps, which he forwarded to the ninety senators, along with bits of paper bearing the words, "Postage stamp of the republic of Nicaragua; an official witness of the volcanic activities of Nicaragua." The catastrophe at St. Pierre took place about this time, to deepen the impression of volcanic danger, and the Panama route was adopted by the narrow margin of four votes.—New York Post.

Never Settled Questions.

The familiar saying that nothing is settled until it is settled right expresses only a half truth. Questions of general and permanent importance are seldom finally settled. A very wise man has said that "short of the multiplication table there is no truth and no fact which must not be proved over again if it had never been proved, from time to time." Conceptions of social rights and obligations and the institutions based upon them continue unquestioned for long periods as postulates in all discussions upon questions of government. Whatever conduct conforms to them is assumed to be right. Whatever is at variance with them is assumed to be wrong. Then a time comes when with apparent suddenness the ground of discussion shifts and the postulates are denied. They cease to be accepted without proof, and the whole controversy in which they were originally established is fought over again.—Senator Root in North American Review.

A Laureate on Lytton.

When Bulwer Lytton attacked Tennyson for accepting a civil list pension, Tennyson retaliated with a ten stanza poem in Punch, which has not been included in any collected edition of his works. He described his antagonist as:

That padded man—that wears the stays—
Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote.
* * * * * * *
What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt,
A dapper boot, a little hand,
If half the little soul is dirt?

Tennyson felt ashamed of this outbust when he saw it in print. Punch of the following week contained his "After Thought," which ends:

Surely, after all,
The noblest answer unto such
Is kindly silence when they brawl.
—London Chronicle.

Light of the Fireflies.

It has been proved by experiments conducted by M. Ives, a chemist, that the light emitted by fireflies, glowworms and other insects is purely chemical and not in any way biological. M. Ives finds that this light is not extinguished by death. Of course after death some stimulus is necessary to excite it, but it can be produced in their tissues two years after death, which makes certain that it is chemical in origin.—New York World.

His Farewell.

"Farewell!" he cried sadly. "I may, perhaps, never look upon your face again!"

No, it was not a parting scene between lovers. 'Twas in a pawnshop, where a young man was getting something on his watch.—London Telegraph.

Her Way.

"There's a young woman who makes little things count."

"How does she do it?"

"Teaches arithmetic in a primary school."

Lesson of the Bee.

"What does the busy bee teach us, Freddie?"

"Not to go too near the hive, uncle."—London Tattler.

Telling a Story.

When a man starts to tell a story he proceeds by the most direct route, but a woman backs into it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Intaking and outgiving—getting good and giving good—that is our main business.—C. G. Ames.

What It Proved.

Miss Youngthing—Boo-boo-hoo! Charley's given me a ring set with a mean little turquoise. Her Mother—That's an emblem of constancy. Miss Youngthing—It isn't. It's proof of stinginess.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

FEROCIOUS DOLPHINS.

Marine Monsters That Are Known as Whale Killers.

There really is such a sea monster as the whale killer. It is one of the largest and most ferocious of all the dolphin family. It also is known as the grampus. It is characterized as a genus by its large size and the conical and depressed head, devoid of a beak. The back fin is of great length, especially in the males, and the flippers are large and broadly ovate.

The teeth are comparatively few in number, varying from ten to thirteen on each side of the jaw, and are much larger than in any dolphins yet noticed, being often an inch or more in diameter and having an oval section. The coloration is striking, the upper parts and fins being black, while the lower jaw, chest and under parts are whitish.

The white area of the under parts does not, however, extend to the flukes, but ends posteriorly in a trident, of which the lateral and shorter prongs extend obliquely upward on the flanks. There is a large white streak above and behind the eye, and frequently at least a purple crescentic area extends across the back behind the fin. The killer attains a length of at least twenty feet.—St. Louis Times.

LOBSTER AND BUTTERFLY.

Widely Apart in Appearance, They Are Close Relatives.

You would hardly think it to look at them, yet the lobster is a relative of the butterfly. The kinship is not merely that of two members of the animal kingdom. The lobster and the butterfly are actually in one and the same great group of the kingdom, like the clam and the snail or the whale and the giraffe, whose spheres of activity are so widely separated.

It is simply, as Darwin pointed out in the case of all other creatures a great many years ago, that the lobster and its friends, the crab, the prawn and the shrimp, chose one method of life, while the butterfly and its set chose another.

So the first group developed characteristics suited to the conditions in which it lived, including as one of the most important, as its members do not move rapidly, a coat of armor to protect them from their innumerable enemies, while the butterflies and the great host of other winged insects shed every bit of superfluous weight, trusting to swiftness to carry them out of danger and to protective coloring to conceal them when flight is unavailing.—London Family Herald.

When Dead Men Ate.

In the medical press is a story of a man who believed that he was dead and who for that reason refused to take nourishment. "How can the dead eat and drink?" he asked when food was pressed upon him. It was obvious that unless something were done to bring him to his senses the delusion must soon become actuality—he would die of starvation. The strangest ruse was tried. Half a dozen attendants, draped in ghostly white, crept silently in single file into the room adjoining his and with the door open sat down where he could see them at a hearty meal. "Here, who are these people?" inquired the patient. "Dead men," answered the doctor. "What!" said the other. "Do dead men eat?" "To be sure they do, as you see for yourself," was the answer. "Well," said the corpse, "if that is so I'll join them, for I'm starving." The spell was broken, and he sat down and ate like forty famished men.

A Matter of Gender.

The bell of a Scottish church was giving out a very poor tone, and a committee was appointed to inquire as to what was wrong and to report on the best means of putting it right. After an examination the members were divided in their opinion, and the kirk officer, who was in attendance with the keys, was asked his view. "Fine, A ken what's wrang wi' the bell," he remarked. "It's a she-yin," meaning that it was of the feminine gender. Pressed to explain, he added, "Its tongue's awre lang—it's needin' to be clippit!" And this turned out to be really the fault. The tongue had become loosened to the extent of an inch or so and was overlapping the curve at the rim and therefore not striking truly.

Dogs of Belgium.

Belgian dogs that are harnessed to carts often work themselves to death. They may enjoy their work for a time, when they hurl themselves into the collar to drag the milk cart (and often the lazy milkman as well as his cans), but they do not enjoy the ensuing paralysis. The sight of a dog dying of starvation in the streets because his paralysis jerked him away from food every time he attempted to take it is not conducive to happy memories of Belgium.

He Didn't Put It Off.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Staylate. "It's nearly midnight. I should be going pretty soon, I suppose."

"Yes," replied Miss Patience Gonne, "you know the old saying, 'Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Much Worse.

"Oh dear," pouted the pretty girl in irritation, as the trolley car came to a standstill, "what is worse than waiting on a switch?"

"Trying to pass on the same rail, madam," responded a gentleman beside her.—Judge.

To be weak is miserable, doing or suffering.—Milton.

"What is an optimist?"

"A man who thinks that if he puts 'Urgent' on a letter it will be delivered sooner than it would be otherwise."—Stray Stories.

"That woodpecker may be persistent, but I think he's beaten this time."

"What's he trying to do?"

"Drill a hole into an iron trolley pole."

WILY KING EDWARD I.

Fooled the Rebellious Welsh With the Prince of Wales.

After a lifelong struggle with the Welsh, Edward I. of England sought to ascertain the cause of their constant rebellion and was informed that they would never be content until they had a prince of their own.

The wily old monarch asked them if a prince born in Wales who could not speak a word of English would be satisfactory, and they received the offer with great enthusiasm, presuming that the king meant one of their own flesh and blood.

His queen, about to give birth to a child, was hurried to the famous Caernarvon castle, where 600 years ago Edward II., the first prince of Wales, was born. Thereupon King Edward, carrying the newly born babe on the ramparts of the castle, announced to the multitude: "Here is your prince, born in your own country, who knows no word of English and who, I promise you, shall be reared by a Welsh foster-mother and shall learn your language. Accept you him as your prince?"

In all the six centuries intervening the eldest son of the king of England has been invested and known as the Prince of Wales. In the year 1911 the present Prince of Wales and the future king of England was invested on the same spot as his predecessor 600 years ago.—T. Owen Charles in National Magazine.

HEAT AND THE BODY.

We Are Able to Drink Liquids That Would Scald Our Hands.

The human body can stand far greater heat if it be dry than if it be wet, and, strangely enough, it can stand far hotter liquids inside than out.

For example, the average tea drinker sips tea at a temperature of about 140 degrees F.—sometimes as high as 145 degrees. But he cannot bear his hands in water at 120 degrees or his feet in water higher than 112 degrees. Few people can stand a bath in water at 105 degrees.

In parts of central Australia men live in an average temperature of 115 degrees F. in the shade and 140 degrees in the sun, while 151 degrees has been registered. In the Persian gulf the thermometers on ships vary between 122 degrees and 140. A recent explorer in the Himalayas reports that he found at 9 a. m. in December and at more than 10,000 feet altitude a temperature of 181 degrees F.

Drs. Blayden and Chantrey, two English scientists, desiring to ascertain how high a temperature the human body could stand, shut themselves in an oven, of which the heat was gradually raised and they were able to bear it until the thermometer registered 212 degrees F., the boiling point of water.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Ruskin as a Patient.

Matlock, so dear to John Ruskin, brought him within sight of death in 1871. It was a wretched, wet summer; he went out in a miserable morning to paint, took a chill, and aggravated the internal inflammation that followed to a dangerous degree by refusing to take the doctor's medicines. The sequel is delightful. Irritated at the doctor's remonstrances, he demanded what was the worst thing he could take. Beef, they told him, and beef he insisted upon having at once. It was late at night and Matlock was scoured for some time before beef could be found. Then, says Mrs. Arthur Severn, he "enjoyed his late supper thoroughly, and, though we all waited anxiously till the morning for the result, it had done him no harm. And when he was told pepper was bad for him he dredged it freely over his food in defiance."

The Least He Might Do.

Little Faith was possessed of a most friendly disposition, but had not yet reached the age where she could understand the silence that may wrap itself around a wordless intimacy. In fact, she demanded speech, frequent and loving.

One night her brother was studying most assiduously his arithmetic lesson, and after calling to him several times without receiving an answer, she appealed to her father.

"George is busy," said father.

"I know," replied Faith, "but he might at least have said, 'Shut up!'"—Woman's Home Companion.

Curious Mixture.

A want advertisement from a serious French journal reads:

"A young person having received an excellent education, including writing, geography, history, mathematics, dancing, music and art, would like to enter a respectable family to do washing and ironing."—Everybody's.

Only One of a Kind.

"Why do you think he is such a remarkable man?"

"He's the only one I ever knew who had nerve enough to make the responses in the marriage service loud enough so that any one could hear him."—Chicago Post.

Enlightened.

The Student—I always get these two terms mixed. What is the difference between matrimony and patrimony? The Professor—Matrimony is engineered by the mother and the necessary patrimony is supplied by the father.—Kansas City Star.

The Bachelor's View.

"What is the most aggravating thing in married life?" asked Dorothy.

"Sometimes," said the bachelor friend, "it's the husband, and sometimes it's the wife."

"Now I am twenty-one, and my own master!"

"Yes, but you are engaged."

"Who scored the new musical comedy?"

"The critics, chiefly."

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A Well-Put Warning.

"Where is Jack," asked Mr. Rodgers, as he came in at six o'clock. "He was late to dinner last night, and he's going to be late again to-night."

"I saw him with that Jones girl," answered his daughter Dorothy. "She is a new girl in town, very pretty, but terribly bold. I'm sure she's not nice. I do wish Jack wouldn't go with her."

It took Mr. Rodgers a long time to get out of his overcoat and take off his gloves. Generally he was full of boyish spirits when the days work was done. Now he was quiet, and he looked long and absently out of the window.

Presently the door opened and Jack came in.

"Jack," said his father, "I want to show you something."

Relief and interest showed instantly in the boy's face. The dread question was not to be asked, after all.

Mr. Rodgers led the way to his workroom in the attic. There were his carpenter bench and his tools and his lathe, and in the corner was the dynamo that worked it. Jack had seen them all many times.

"What is it, father?" he asked.

Mr. Rodgers laid his hand upon the dynamo.

"Jack, by means of this, a mysterious power becomes mine. We call it electricity, but no one knows what it is. We only know that if we treat it in the right way, it will enable us to do wonderful things. It will work our mills, and light our houses and our streets, and run our cars. It will enable man to do more than any other power that has been discovered. But at the same time, if you treat it in the wrong way it will strike you dead!"

"Yes, father, I know that," said Jack.

His father turned toward him with an earnestness that Jack had never before seen in his face. "There is another power, very like that in its results. There is the mysterious telling that men have for women and women have for men. Treat that right, and it will bless your life and ennoble it, and make you ten times, yes, a hundred times, the man you could ever be without it. Nothing of earth will do so much for you if you treat it right. But treat that feeling wrong, and it will curse you, and blast your life, and kill your immortal soul!"

For a moment they looked each other square in the eye. Then together they went downstairs in silence. In the hall below, Jack put his hand on his father's arm. "I know what you mean, father, and I know it's true," he whispered.—Youth's Companion.

His Wedding Present.

"I willingly countenance your marriage with my daughter," wrote a physician to his prospective son-in-law, "conditionally on your accepting as a wedding present her mother. As a wife she has not been a success; as a mother-in-law she is at least problematical. At all events, I can endure her temper no longer, and as she expresses a wish to live with her daughter I am sending her along by the next train."

In due course the lady arrived and lived with the young couple for many years.—London Mail.

Apply Your Knowledge.

"A college education is worth $25,000 in increased earning capacity," declares a western university. It is, and it isn't. There are college men who could not earn this sum in twenty-five years. There are men earning twice as much in a year who never even walked by a college. It's a fine thing to have, but its earning capacity depends upon the practical use made of it, says the wise man in Power.

Foreign Affairs.

Bulgaria promises to take Turkey's place as the greatest nuisance, after Austria, on the continent.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Three years of almost every young Frenchman's life are now to be squandered in the army. So fine and progressive is European civilization!—New York World.

Germany fancies that with her new army of a million men she will be able to whip Portugal when it comes to a matter of taking Portugal's colonies away from her.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Well Countered.

Andre de Fouquieres, the cotillion leader of Paris, is, like most cotillion leaders, very gentle and mild of manner.

During M. de Fouquieres' visit to New York a well known matron, after talking to him for some ten or fifteen minutes at a dance, said:

"Now, trot along, M. de Fouquieres. You're altogether too ladylike for me."

The young Frenchman, rising, answered:

"I'm sorry I can't say the same for you, madam."—Exchange.

Bursting Trees.

Intense heat and intense cold produce fractures in various substances. In the most extreme cold weather it is not uncommon, especially if the cold has come on suddenly, to find trees that are split from the ground to the top by the action of frost. Freezing expands the water in the cells of the wood, and so suddenly is this done that the trees burst as would a pitcher or mug in which water was confined.

Think of him who in the midst of
All these writing summer scenes
Has to pound out reams of copy
For the Christmas magazines.
—Denver Republican.

The real estate man was looking over the house.

"This is the parlor, sir?" he asked of old man Thomas.

"Well, I call it the courtroom," replied the old gentleman.

"The courtroom!" said the agent in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Well," explained Thomas, with a knowing smile, "I've got seven daughters, you know."—Lippincott's Magazine.

When your skin's sunburned to a glow
And feels like it would crack
Why is it every man you know
Will slap you on the back?
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Trained Eye Can Tell.

A well-known architect was summoned as a witness in a Long Island court in a suit over the cost of a building. The lawyer, whose duty it was to cross-examine, started to attack the credibility of the witness.

"Do you know how much a hundred of these bricks cost?"

"I do not."

"Do you know how much this cement costs a bag?"

"No."

"Do you know how expensive sand is down here?"

"I can't say that I do, exactly."

The lawyer looked at the witness with the score.

"And yet you pretend to come here and qualify as an expert! How can you give any kind of an opinion on how much this building ought to have cost when you don't know the prices of the material it's made of?"

The witness looked at the lawyer with a flash in his eye that bode ill.

"Well," he said, "I don't know the price of needles, nor the price of thread, nor how much cheap cotton material costs; but I don't hesitate to express a solemn opinion that that suit of clothes you're wearing cost about $5.50.

Fast old New York.

"So you're back from New York, si?"

"Yes, an' tired out."

"Fast town, eh?"

"Fast ain't no name for it. I saw banks open all night to 'commodate them as like their money early in th' evenin', I s'pose an' lawyers' offices open at 8 o'clock in th' mornin'—I fix up them as are in a hurry for a divorce an' can't wait till daylight; an' what else d' you think?"

"What else? Well, I wouldn't be s'prised t' hear of anything."

"An' I saw a fun'ral goin' pickety split, with an automobile hearse leadin' th' procession an' settin' the pace."

"Well, Si, I s'pose they have t' git th' dead ones o' th' way in a hurry t' give th' live ones room, eh?"—Judge.

The Ceaseless Flow.

A ring at the telephone drew the office boy.

"Lady to talk to you sir," he said to the senior partner.

The senior partner took up the receiver and stood at the phone for several minutes.

Then he laid the receiver down and went back to his desk.

Twenty minutes later he raised the receiver, said a few words and presently hung it up.

Then he turned to his partner.

"It was my wife," he explained. "She was still talking and hadn't missed me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Spelling by Ear.

The young French stenographer, whose progress in English had not kept pace with her proficiency in shorthand, was puzzling over some notes she had taken of a recitation at a public entertainment.

As she transcribed them the recitation began like this:

"In fonthl wurlafawidhou,
Oul panja oul plono,

"That's easy," said the expert to whom she submitted the notes. "It is part of a poem that begins:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone."
—Chicago Tribune.

The Better Way.

"Casey?"

"Yis, Molke."

"S'posin' I had fainted and ye stood beside me wid a pint av whisky?"

"'Tis not likely."

"But s'posin' it happened."

"Yis."

"Would ye press the bottle to my lips?"

"I would not."

"Ye are a heartless man, Casey."

"I am not. I'd press the bottle to me own lips and ye'd be on your fate before I could take the first shwallow."—Judge.

How He Would Have Them.

How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter.

"Make any difference in the cost of 'em?" inquired the cautious customer with the brimless hat and the ragged beard.

"No."

"Then cook them on the top of a slice of ham," said the customer, greatly relieved.

The Difference.

A certain capitalist said bitterly, apropos of a dishonest liquidation wherein he had been caught:

"There are pessimists who say that marriage is a failure, but between a marriage and a failure there's this difference:

"In a marriage the wife takes the husband's name, while in a failure the husband takes the wife's name."—New York Tribune.

Ain't it Funny.

A woman can take a hairpin and use it to attack a new gas fixture, pick her teeth, open a lock, button her shoes, pick out nuts, clean her nails, kill bedbugs, fasten window screens, test her baking, lift stove lids, open canned goods, run ribbon through goods, pull tacks and clean a gas range.

But she can't make it keep her hair from coming down.—Exchange.

Sanford—So you don't believe in judging a man by his clothes?"

Crabshaw—No indeed! That's the way we judge a woman, and look how we get fooled!—Judge.

"The King, changing into a four-horsed carriage, drove through the Cattle section."

A characteristic example of kingly tact.—Punch.

"What shall I order for lunch?"

"Since you need iron in your blood, why not order some railroad frogs?"

"A soft answer turns away wrath."

"Well, Jim Jones only got madder when I told him he was mushy."

Pape I want an ice cream sundae."

"All right dear, remind me of it again, this is only Tuesday."

"Women's skirts are to be tighter than ever the coming season."

"I don't care, let 'em rip."

"Is this feast to be a mad revel?"

"Guess so; I can see the champagne bottles foaming at the mouth."

Impossible.

Startled he looked about him. "My legs are comfortable," he muttered. "My knees aren't cramped. I can get the kinks out of my calves and even unobstructed. Why, not only can I see everything, I can also hear everything! I can retire to the foyer without disturbing 15 people, or even one, but—I'm so comfortable sitting here that I'd rather stay just where I am. These lights—the music—the scenery—all looks real—but it's impossible. Whoever heard of a comfortable theater? I must be dreaming."

And doggone it, that's just what he was doing.—Masses.

It's Easy to Learn.

Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, hit on his marvelous discovery while studying and while teaching the deaf.

Professor Bell once said apropos of this fact:

"Yes, we can learn valuable secrets from the most unlikely sources. A Persian poet, famed for his wisdom, was once asked by his king where he had learned his philosophy.

"'From the blind sire,' the poet replied—'from the blind, who never advance a step until they have tried the ground.'"—New York Tribune.

Remarkable Dogs.

A German cobbler and his wife had two dogs, a St. Bernard six months old and fox terrier three years old. A friend calling one day said to the cobbler: "Those are two fine dogs you have."

"Yes," replied the cobbler, "und de funny part of it is dat de biggest dog is de liftlest one.

His wife then spoke up and explained:

"You must mine husband egcuse. He speaks not very good English. He means the oldest dog is de youngest."—Chicago Record Herald.

The Third Hand.

How often the little things in life make impressions that linger in our memories long after the larger events are forgotten. Several years ago I was making a visit in a family where there were several daughters. One of the girls brought a hat into the sewing room and prepared to trim it. Before doing anything else she took a hatpin and pinned the hat firmly to her skirts at the knees, so that she had both hands free and held the ribbon and flowers in place with her left hand while she sewed them with her right.—Philadelphia North American.

Curious Superstition.

Among the superstitions of the Seneca Indians was this most beautiful one: When a young maiden died they imprisoned a young bird until it first began to try its powers of song, and then, loading it with caresses and messages, they loosed its bonds over her grave in the belief that it would not fold its wings not close its eyes until it had flown to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the lived and lost one.

Not a Bit Like Cricket.

The Englishman was attending his first ball game. He seemed very uneasy after the fifth inning and finally said to his American friend:

"I say, old chap, when do they serve the tea?"

"They don't serve tea at a ball game," laughed the American.

"No tea between innings?" gasped Englishman. "Then what's the object of the blooming game?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Diamonds and Glass.

The diamond instead of being a real solid, is a mass of atoms all in rapid and violent motion. The edge of the stone is formed of these moving molecules as well as the body. Now, glass is also made up of moving atoms, though they do not move so rapidly or so violently as the diamond atoms. When the diamond edge, therefore, is applied to the glass surface the diamond atoms drive the glass atoms out of the way and force a passage.

Sherlock Holmes glanced round the room. The pictures were torn into shreds—the chairs were broken—the table lying on the top of the piano. A great splash of blood was on the carpet.

"Some one has been here," he commenced with wonderful insight.—Brooklyn Life.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1655.

We have noticed that the man who die for women near y always do so at the hands of an injured husband.

The simplest and best regulator of the disordered Liver in the world, are Carter's Little Liver Pills. They give prompt relief in Sick Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, &c., prevent and cure Constipation and Piles; remove Sallowness and Pimples from the Complexion, and are mild and gentle in their operation on the bowels. Carter's Little Liver Pills are small and easy to take as sugar. One pill a dose. Price 25 cents.

Argentina is calling for supplies of mules.

A woman who is weak, nervous and sleepless and who has cold hands and feet, cannot feel and act like a well person. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness, and give strength and rest.

Heaven will permit no man to secure happiness by crime.—Alfieri.

Do not despair of curing your sick headache when you can so easily obtain Carter's Little Liver Pills. They will effect a prompt and permanent cure. Their action is mild and natural.

Work is not a man's punishment. It is his reward and his strength.—George Sand.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one Pill a dose. Try them.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Want Changeable Dresses!

At the recent International Congress of Applied Chemistry in London one of the most celebrated lecturers, Giacomo Ciamician, predicted that women of the future will not be contented with a dress which remains constantly of one color, but will demand colors that change in harmony with their surroundings.

Thus the color of the apparel may be changed without changing the dress. Passing from darkness to light the color would brighten, thus conforming automatically to the environment—the last word in fashion for the future.

This prediction will come true as soon as chemists learn to understand better what are called "prototropic colors," or colors that change with the intensity of the light upon them. In men's wear this might mean that the light-colored suit of the bright sun not day would be transformed into a dark suit at night.

Didn't Know Himself.

An American travelling in Europe engaged a courier. Arriving at an inn in Austria, the man asked his servant to enter his name in accordance with the police regulations of that country. Some time after the man asked the servant if he had complied with his orders.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"How did you write my name?" asked the master.

"Well, sir, I can't pronounce it," answered the servant, "but I copied it from your portmanteau, sir."

"Way, my name isn't there. Bring me the book."

The register was brought, and, instead of the plain American name of two syllables, the following entry was revealed:

"Monsieur Warranted Solid Leather."—Lippincott's.

Climbing Up.

"Art in America is not respected," said Arthur Stringer, the poet and novelist. "What does a poet cut among us compared with a Rockefellow or a Carnegie?

"Poets are rated inordinately low here. As I reclined in a hammock positing on a farm lawn last week, a tramp approached and asked the farmer's wife for pie.

"She gave him pie, and while he ate they conversed. I heard a snatch of their conversation.

"'You say you used to be a poet?' said the woman.

"'Yes'm,' replied the tramp. 'That's how I got my start.'"

Books From Unexpected Places.

Not only art, but literature, has been produced in unexpected places. Thus way, for instance, Robert Bloomfield, who produced his "Farmer's Boy" while working as hard as a shoemaker (in a garret with five or six others) that he frequently had to carry a hundred lines in his head through lack of leisure to write them down. James Hogg, too, "the Ettrick Shepherd," wrote his earliest verses while tending his sheep in the Perthshire highlands. And Taylor, the Water Poet," combined the very different offices of literary man and Thames waterman.—London Chronicle.

Breaking the Ice.

"Now, Miss Imogene," argues the young man who has been receiving the frigid stares and the monosyllabic replies of the fair young thing who chose to become offended at him at the dinner and continued to accumulate indignation at the opera, "it's perfectly useless for you to attempt to act like an iceberg. Science tells us that only one-eighth of an iceberg is visible, and you—"

Considering the fact that she was wearing an evening gown, he really might have exercised a bit more tact.—Judge.

Understanding.

A well known artist tells of an amusing colloquy in an art gallery where two young women were viewing a copy of Millet's "Gleaners."

One of the young women was carried away by her enthusiasm. "How beautiful! How wonderful! What art!" she exclaimed. "Above all, how natural!"

Then, after a pause, she said, "But what are those people doing?"

Drawing nearer to read the title, she was enlightened. "Oh, now," she added, "I see! Gleaning millet! How wonderful! How beautiful!"—Exchange.

Small Souls.

Upton Sinclair was talking about certain millionaire malefactors whose crimes always want unpunished.

"It's hard to understand," said Mr. Sinclair, "how these men escape retribution unless it be, indeed, that they're too small for the meshes of the net."

Why Enunciate?

"What language is the leading lady singing?"

"French, isn't it?"

"No; I can understand French, and it isn't that."

"Italian perhaps."

"It sounds more like Spanish or possibly Portuguese."

"Yonder is Mr. Flanahan, the famous critic. Let us ask him."

They questioned Mr. Flanahan, and he smiled grimly.

"The lady is singing in English," he said.—Newark News.

Desperate Remedy.

From the roof of a building the stranger looked down upon a park whose spare grass, scraggy shrubbery and stunted trees were almost trampled out of sight by a human mob that surged round a speaker's platform in the middle of the park.

"What's up?" said the stranger. "A suffragist riot?"

"Worse than that," said the guide. "The park grass has been in a bad way for several months, and a local politician has called a mass meeting of the citizens to discuss plans for saving it."

"The boss is worried about the new patient."

"He seems weak."

"Yes; too weak to sign a check."

"Why was that actress unsuccessful in the swooning scene?"

"Because, strange to say, she made quite a faint effort."

"Does Gubbles ever make a move at the club meetings?"

"Oh, lots of them. He's got St. Vitus' dance."

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1913.

NOTES.

OLD NEWPORT CEMETERY RECORDS.—Inscriptions in possession of the Newport Historical Society. —E. M. T. Continued.

Trobridge, Sarah, of Eben'r and Abigail, d. May 10, 1745, ag. 15 mos, Common ground.

Tubes, John, d. Jan. 25, 1714, ag. 50 yrs. Common ground.

Tucker, James, of James and Sarah, d. Sept. 8, 1744, ag. 17 mos. Clifton ground.

Tuck, Wm., d. Apr. 16, 1704, ag. 70 yrs. Common ground.

Tuder, Capt. Richard, d. July 25, 1097, ag. 60 y. Common ground.

Tuells, Mehitable, wife of Samuel, d. Feb. 19, 1759-0, ag. 69 y. Common ground.

Tuells, Samuel, d. Dec. 23, 1748 ag. 74 y. Common ground.

Tuells, Samuel, of Samu'l and Mehitable, d. Feb. 17, 1706. Common ground.

Turner, Caleb, of Wm. and Patience, of Warren, d. at Coaster's Harbour July 20, 1759, ag. 36 y. Common ground.

Turner, Eleazer, d. Oct. 12, 1795, ag. 80 y. Common ground.

Turner, Mary, of Wm. and Patience, d. Oct. 28, 1764, ag. 23 y. Common ground.

Turner, Patience, wife of Capt. Wm. d. Aug. 5, 1762, ag. 79 y. Common ground.

Turner, Sarah, wife of Capt. Joseph, d. Mar. 5, 1797, ag. 67 y. Common ground.

Turner, Sarah, wife of Capt. John, d. Mar. 15, 1784, aged 30 y. Common ground.

Turner, Capt. Wm., d. Oct. 4, 1759, ag. 70 y. Common ground.

Turner, Capt. Wm., killed at Great Falls, Conn. River, May 19, 1776. Common ground.

Tweedy, Abigail, of Wm. and Cath., d. Oct. 19, 1772, ag. 19 mos. Trinity Churchyard.

Tweedy, Crawford, d. Jan'y 19, 1776, ag. 28 y. Common ground.

Tweedy, Eliz'th of Wm. and Catharine, d. Oct. 25, 1765, ag. 5 days. Trinity Churchyard.

Tweedy, Eliz'th of Wm. and Cath., d. Nov. 26, 1795, ag. 19 y. Trinity Churchyard.

Tweedy, Freelove, of John and Freelove, d. Jan. 22, 1715-6, ag. 1 y. 1 m. 1 d. Common ground.

Tweedy, Freelove Sophia, wife of John, d. Sept. 20, 1763, ag. 4 yrs. Common ground.

Tweedy, James of Wm. and Cath. d. Oct. 10, 1770, ag. 3 mos. 8 days. Trinity Churchyard.

Tweedy, John, d. Nov. 13, 1787, ag. 50 yrs. Common ground.

Tweedy, John, of Wm. and Cath., d. Feb. 11, 1770, ag. 1 yr. 6 mos. Trinity Churchyard.

Tweedy, Mary, of John and Freelove, d. Aug. 1, 1743, ag. 1 y. 9 mos. Common ground.

Tweedy, Mary, of John and Freelove, d. Sept. 13, 1741, ag. 6 y., 3 mos., 20 d. Common ground.

Tweedy, Mercy, wife of John, d. Feb. 8, 1784-5, ag. 21 y. Common ground.

Tweedy, Sarah, of Wm. and Cath., d. Sept. 10, 1790, ag. 1 y. 10 d. Trinity Churchyard.

Tweedy, Wm. Crawford, of Wm. and Cath., d. Sept. 29, 1781, ag. 5 mos. Trinity Churchyard.

Tweedy, Wm. of Wm. and Cath., d. Dec. 9, 1773, ag. 19 mos. Trinity Churchyard.

Tweedy, Wm., d. May 23, 1783, ag. 89 y. Trinity Churchyard.

To be continued.

Battle of Lake Erie from the Newport MERCURY, Feb. 1, 1823.

"In the Index to the last volume of the London Quarterly Review, we find the following: 'Capt. Barclay's Squadron defeated on Lake Erie, solely for want of sufficient force'—A satisfactory cause, truly!"—E. M. T.

Queries.

7448. COLES—Capt. Wm. Temple Coles, of Salisbury, N. C., 4th Regiment during the Revolution, had a daughter who married a Cunningham. Would like address of any descendant of the family.—C. B. A.

7449. WORCESTER, HOPKINS—Leonard Worcester (born Hollis, N. H., Jan. 1, 1767; married Nov. 1, 1793, Elizabeth Hopkins (1772-1816), daughter of Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D. D., of Hadley, Mass.) Did he serve in the Revolution in any capacity?—N. B.

7450. CAMPBELL—My great grandmother was Jane Campbell, of N. J. and was the right age to have been the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier. Can any one give me the name of her parents?—E. C. S.

7451. BROWN, HAWKINS—Hannah Brown, born Vt. (probably Castleton) in 1752, married Gaylord Hawkins, Oct. 1779, and died in 1813. Wanted names of her parents, with all genealogical data, and Revolutionary service, if any.—F. W. M.

7452. Will you kindly inform me where I can obtain a list of all those who marched on the first Alarm of Lexington, April, 1775? Also the names of all those who came over in the Mayflower? Also a list of all the Battles of the American Revolutionary War?—A. H.

7453. RAWLINS—Abel Rawlins served in the Revolution from Milford, Del. Did he leave descendants, if so, what were their names? Any information necessary to enable descendants to join the D. A. R. will be gratefully received.—I. C. M.

7454. CASE—Information desired of Wm. Case, of Sussex Co., N. J. who served in the N. J. State Troops during the Revolution. Genealogical data also desired.—P. L. R.

7455. SHERMAN, BURTON—Asa Sherman, born R. I., married Sabra Burton. Ancestry of both desired and Revolutionary record, if any.—H. M. E.

7456. HAWKES—Revolutionary service, no matter how insignificant, of Jared Hawkes, of Charlemont, Mass., who was born March 27, 1762, and died Dec. 14, 1828.—M. D. S.

CORRECTION—The name of Chad Brown's wife was misspelled in the MERCURY for Aug. 16. It should be Elizabeth Sharparowe.—C. B. J.

Account of Banquet Given in Honor of Commodore Perry, Feb. 1st, 1814.

Taken from "Weekly Register" of Baltimore

The great room of the Fountain Inn was selected for the occasion. Some of our most distinguished citizens, viz: Capt. George Stiles, Capt. Samuel Sterrett, Major Isaac McKim, and Major Thomas Tenant, (two Republicans, two Federalists, four Americans,) had been appointed the committee of arrangements and to their united zeal and perseverance, aided by the correct taste, and disinterested exertions of Mr. John Finlay, (on whom the burden of preparing the decorations principally fell,) the citizens of Baltimore were indebted for an entertainment, presenting an harmonious whole, that has rarely been surpassed. Nor must Mr. Barney who furnished the feast be forgotten—everything that was luscious and good, that was pleasing to the palate or delightful to the eye, was presented in ample form and bounteous profusion.

At the head of the room was a large transparent painting reaching almost across the hall, representing the Battle of Erie. The accomplished artist had happily seized that moment when Commodore Perry, "at 45 minutes past two, having thrown out the signal of close action, bore up in the "Niagara" and passed ahead of their two ships and a brig, giving a raking fire to them from the starboard guns, and to a large schooner and a sloop from the larboard side at a half pistol shot distance." The painting was fully executed and its effect was charming.

At the head of the tables was the representation of the stern of a ship labelled, "Niagara," on which, as on the quarter deck, were placed the president of the day—Edw. Johnson, Esq. with the HERO, Commanders Lewis Barney, and Capt. Spence and Ridgeley, of the U. S. Navy and others invited guests. In front of this rose as in a great Column, a bundle of eighteen arrows, braced together by massey bands, on which were inscribed the names of Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, Lawrence, Ludlow, Burrowes, Allen, Perry in large letters of gold. From the centre of the arrows rose a top gallant mast and yard, bearing a flag on which was inscribed the memorable despatch, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." As the several toasts were announced the music struck up a patriotic air. But when this was repeated, the company directed its attention in silence towards the musicians, wondering why they did not play.

Suddenly the roll of a drum, as if at first at a great distance, was heard behind the transparency and every eye was turned that way. The roll grew louder and louder and having reached the entire force, down came the British flag from the enemy's ship in the foreground of the picture—then the full band struck up "Yankee Doodle" and the British flag was hoisted under the American ensign. Very few of the company were aware that this was coming. It is folly to attempt to describe the feelings it excited.

State College Notes.

Prof. D. J. Lambert is at the Norwich fair this week judging poultry.

Carl and Wilhelm Wheeler, sons of Dr. Wheeler, former director at the Experiment Station here, have returned to their home in Boston.

Pres. Howard Edwards is back from Buffalo where he was one of the delegates appointed by Gov. Pothier to the recent conference on school hygiene. Dr. Edwards has as guest Prof. Gunson of the Michigan Agricultural College.

Prof. Thomas of the extension department is planning to hold the annual exhibit of the Providence school gardens at Roger Williams Park on either the 13th or 20th insts. He recently assisted at a similar exhibit at Lonsdale, where products of home gardens and results of playground work were also shown. R. H. I. Goddard and Mrs. Elisha Mowry, daughter of Admiral Bartlett, were among those actively interested in the affair which was fostered by the Lonsdale Improvement Association.

FATE DECREED OTHERWISE

Carnegie Says His Ambition Was to Become a Reporter

Andrew Carnegie said: "I have always had a liking for journalism, and when I was young my one ambition was to join the staff of one of the Pittsburg newspapers as a reporter, but fate decided otherwise.

"When still young I wrote my first article for the Pittsburg Journal, and I have written for newspapers ever since. For this reason I like newspaper men. No matter what may be the color of the newspaper they represent they are all alike to me."

"LOOPS THE LOOP"

Dare-Devil Performance by Birdman 3000 Feet In Air

Pegoud, the French aviator, performed the most remarkable feat in the history of aviation when, at a height of more than 3000 feet, he flew, head downward, for a quarter of a mile in "looping the loop," or describing a gigantic letter S in midair.

Although spectators regarded the flight as a new attempt to create thrills, experts say the experiment is epoch-making in the attainment of safety in the air.

Pegoud recently caused a sensation by dropping safely from an aeroplane with a parachute.

NAMES OF DEPOSITORS

IN THE

Savings Bank of Newport

As required by Section 17, Chapter 237 of the Banking Laws of the State of Rhode Island.

Bryer, Benjamin	New York City
Burr, Frank A. M.	Newport, R. I.
Burns, Mary A. Geoffroy	New Shoreham
Brown, Julia J.	Newport, R. I.
Carr, George C., Trustee	Newport, R. I.
Cory, Lucy M.	Middletown
Curley, Michael	Newport, R. I.
Davis, Mary E.	Newport, R. I.
Dodge, Jennie T.	New Shoreham
Doyle, Alice M.	New Shoreham
Grinnell, Herbert A.	Little Compton
Graf, Gottlieb	Middletown
Hall, Robert D., Jr.	Melville Station
Hessy, Mary	Newport, R. I.
Hooper, Laura M.	New Shoreham
Horgan, Elizabeth	Newport, R. I.
Howland, Charles C.	Newport, R. I.
Johnston, Nellie	Newport, R. I.
Johnson, Samuel	Middletown
Keeley, Elizabeth, Trustee	Boston, Mass.
Landaw, Carl H.	Troy, N. Y.
Landaw, Fred A.	Newport, R. I.
McIver, George	Newport, R. I.
McNamara, Margaret	Newport, R. I.
Millikin, Catherine E.	New Shoreham
Millikin, Maud A.	New Shoreham
Newbold, Maude S. Ledyard	Newport, R. I.
Newton, Phillip S.	San Francisco, Cal.
O'Brien, Mary	Newport, R. I.
Patten, Eliza B.	Newport, R. I.
Potter, Edward C.	New York
Seabury, William H.	Little Compton
Stacy, Mrs. William T.	Newport, R. I.
Sullivan, Annie C.	Newport, R. I.
Sullivan, Hannah P.	Newport, R. I.
Sweeney, William S.	Newport, R. I.
Westcott, Marcy V. Dunn	New Shoreham
Willis, Hannah R.	New Shoreham

Genuinue Spanish Leather Loose Cushion Seat.

One much overlooked yet pre-possessing feature of the Mission style in furniture is its adaptability to the furnishings of any room in the house—an odd piece of this "Period" idea never looks out of place. Put it anywhere and you are certain of its effectiveness as a part of the interior decorative scheme.

As illustrating this idea we offer this Arm Rocker whose solidity is attested by its 2 inch posts. It is sturdily built in every little detail and comes only

In Weathered Oak

As befits the pure Mission Type. Note its splendid roominess, the broad arm rests and comfort assured by wide "slatted" back.

You would hardly look for a genuine Spanish leather covering to the loose cushion seat in his chair for the moderate Titus price of $9.00, yet that is exactly what you get—genuine Spanish Leather which will almost outwear the Chair itself.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Interlinking Talking Circles.

EACH Bell telephone is the center of a talking circle to which there are no arbitary boundaries within the limits of speech transmission. Each central office is a clearing house for telephone talk extending far beyond its own system.

Universal communication means to only intercommunication between subscribers in the same exchange system, and with those in other exchange systems, but also long distance communication with each connected telephone in the Bell system within speaking distance.

There are over 7,500,000 inter connecting Bell telephones, each an open door for telephonic communication, uniting a nation of 92,000,000 people and promoting the happiness, the welfare and the prosperity of all.

Providence Telephone Co.

CONTRACT DEPT. 142 Spring St.

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station.

NEWPORT BEACH

BROOKLYN MARINE BAND

B. BAVETTA, Conductor.

"THE PEER OF THEM ALL."

CONCERTS Morning, Afternoon, Evening.

Shore Dinners from Noon Until 8 P. M.

Under Supervision of Chester Pryor,

A La Carte Service—Specialties, Steaks, Rhode Island Chickens, Fish, Lobsters.

NEWPORT BEACH

WANTED—A few more Bright, Ambitious Young Men and Women

to register for the day sessions and enter

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8TH.

CHILDS BUSINESS COLLEGE.

9-6-2w NEWPORT REALTY BUILDING.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

Newport, September 6th, 1913.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Guardian of the person and estate of JAMES F. EGAN, of full age, of said Newport and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said ward are notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

9-6-3w JOHN J. EGAN.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Newport, June 20th, 1913.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 2124, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the 18th day of June, A. D. 1913, and returnable to the said Court, December 18th, A. D. 1913, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 6th day of May, A. D. 1913, in favor of Arthur F. Cory, of the town of Tiverton, County and State aforesaid, plaintiff, and against Maria A. Hambly of said Tiverton, defendant, I have this day at 30 minutes past 3 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Maria A. Hambly, had on the 8th day of March, A. D. 1913, at 55 minutes past 7 o'clock a. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said Town of Tiverton, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: one undivided half part of a certain tract of land with the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said Tiverton, on both sides of the Main Road leading from Tiverton Four Corners to Little Compton, bounded as follows: Northerly partly by land of the heirs of Samuel Bateman, deceased, partly by land of Abby A. Cory and partly by land of Charles Dyer; Easterly by land of Benjamin P. Cameron; Southerly by land of Charles H. White, and westerly by Nonquit Pond and containing seventy (70) acres.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 23rd day of September, A. D. 1913, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

8-30-4w

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Newport, June 20th, A. D. 1913.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 5555, issued out of the District Court of the 1st Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport on the 19th day of June A. D. 1913, and returnable to the said Court September 19th A. D. 1913, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 23rd day of May, A. D. 1913, in favor of A. L. Nickerson of the town of Tiverton, plaintiff, against Maria A. Hambly alias Jane Doe of said Tiverton defendant, I have this day at 59 minutes past 3 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant Maria A. Hambly, had on the 8th day of March, A. D. 1913, at 55 minutes past 7 o'clock a. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said Town of Tiverton in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows, one undivided half part of a certain tract of land with the buildings and improvements thereon situated in said Tiverton on both sides of the Main Road leading from Tiverton Four Corners to Little Compton, bounded as follows; Northerly partly by land of the heirs of Samuel Bateman, deceased, partly by land of Abby A. Cory, and partly by land of Charles Dyer. Easterly by land of Benjamin P. Cameron, Southerly by land of Charles H. White, and westerly by Nonquit Pond containing seventy (70) acres.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 23rd day of September, A. D. 1913, at 12.30 o'clock p. m., for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

8-3-4w

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc., of the Mercury, Published Weekly at Newport, R. I., Required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Editors: John P. Sanborn, A. H. Sanborn, Newport, R. I.

Managing Editor: John P. Sanborn, Newport.

Business Manager: John P. Sanborn, Newport.

Publishers: Mercury Publishing Company, Newport.

Stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock: Mrs. John P. Sanborn, Newport.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

JOHN P. SANBORN,
Treasurer and Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of August, 1913.

PARKER BRAMAN,
Notary Public,
(My commission expires June, 1915).

8-30

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of Susan G. Chase

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Susan G. Chase, single-woman, late of the Town of Middletown, R. I. deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of said Town of Middletown, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased, are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

DANIEL M. CHASE,
Executor.

Middletown, R. I.,
August 23, 1913. 8-23-4w

R. I. Normal School

Announces the opening of the next term on MONDAY, Sept. 8, at 9 a. m.

Entrance examinations Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 3 and 4, at 9.30 a. m.

All candidates must be graduates of approved high schools and must take entrance examinations.

Students preparing for the September examination may apply to the Normal School for questions used in the July examinations.

The School offers 4 courses of study, as follows:

1. A general course of two and one-half years, which prepares for teaching in the primary and grammar grades of the public schools.
2. A kindergarten-primary course of the same length.
3. A special course of one year for teachers of successful experience.
4. A course for college graduates.

For catalogues or further information apply to the Principal, John L. Alger, R. I. Normal School, or to Walter E. Ranger, Secretary Trustees, Box 1511, Providence.

8-23-2w

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka Harness Oil

Mica Axle Grease

Sold by dealers everywhere

Standard Oil Co. of New York

"RENT FREE—Cottage out of repair and several acres on salt water. Only expert fisherman and gasoline expert need apply. ROOM 74, 2 Wall Street, N. Y. C."

5-24

Carr's List.

The Lure, by E. S. Stevens.

The Iron Trail, by Rex Beach.

Prescott of Saskatchewan, by Harold Bindloss.

The Woman Thou Gavest Me, by Hall Caine.

211-215 THAMES ST.

Tel. 633.

You Want a Running Water Lavatory Without Plumbing

A modern, convenient lavatory for rooms which have no plumbing connections.

This fixture takes the place of the old-fashioned commode and slop jar and does no more. It gives you fresh running water for lavatory purposes without the expense of installing plumbing for bath room or wash stand.

The Whole Story In A Nut Shell.

The Rowe Sanitary Lavatory is complete in itself. Nothing to break, nothing to rust, nothing to get out of order. Quickly set up, goes in any part of the room, can't slop over may be moved from place to place.

Just the thing for Home, Office, Apartment, Hotel, Rooming house or summer cottage

"So Handy and So Clean."

That is the delighted exclamation of the housekeeper when she turns on the water for the first time into the basin of a newly installed Rowe Sanitary Lavatory.

Ask for information and get free booklet write today.

925 Main St GORDON CO.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

10-5

RHODE ISLAND. STATE COLLEGE.

FOUR-YEAR COURSES (B. S. Degree) In

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- Engineering
- Home Economics
- Applied Science

SHORT COURSES (for students eighteen years of age and over) in

- Agriculture
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Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. No tuition to residents of the State. Board and room at cost.

New Science Hall in use this year. Write for catalogue and illustrated booklet or visit the college at Kingston. Nineteen trains daily.

A great opportunity for the young men and young women of Rhode Island.

Address REGISTRAR,
Kingston, R. I.

8-16-4w

MEET ME AT BARNEY'S

You'll Enjoy These Summer Evenings.

If you can adjourn to the veranda or lawn and hear a few favorite selections played on your Victor or Victrola

If you haven't a Victor or Victrola you are missing much enjoyment that could be yours for a very small investment.

See our Victroal at $15.

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Carries Two Sets Type at one time.

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Visible Writing, Two-color Ribbon

Send for Catalogue.

Allowance made on old machines of any make.

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6-7

SITUATION WANTED by gardener. (Private place.) First class recommendations. Five years in Rhode Island. Age 31, married, one child. Abstainer. Twenty years extensive experience. Fruit and flowers, hardy and undergiass. Vegetables etc.

Address S. W. S. Box 83, Peace Dale R. I.

6-8

Most men would be able to fill their stations in life more creditably than they do if they didn't insist on getting off at the wrong stations.